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LETTERS

McCarthy country

Worcester, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: W. David Gardner's reporting is factual regarding the impact of Senator McCarthy in Massachusetts ["What Works for McCarthy," *The Nation*, Apr. 8]. Since the Senator's "moral" victory in New Hampshire and his massive victory in Wisconsin, McCarthy support in the central Massachusetts area has grown in spite of the Kennedy candidacy. We are all anxiously, but hopefully, awaiting the results of the Indiana primary. A McCarthy victory there would likely cause a reassessment of Senator McCarthy's stature as a potential winner by the professional politicians, who are as yet uncommitted. It is my feeling that Senator Kennedy has, over the years, antagonized many of these "grass roots" politicians and may find his steam roller stalled if he does not have a decisive victory in Indiana.

Joseph C. Casdin, Mayor

analogy

Princeton, N.J.

DEAR SIRS: Arno Mayer's comparison of Vietnam and Greece ["Vietnam Analogy: Greece Not Munich," *The Nation*, Mar. 25] is both interesting and illuminating. I think it can be argued, however, that he dismisses the Munich analogy too quickly. Munich, as Dean Rusk never tires of telling us, is a symbol of appeasement; but the question is who appeased whom and why? In general terms, Munich was an attempt on the part of a conservative, rigidly anti-Communist government to cooperate with Fascist Germany in an attempt to bolster Western defenses against communism. As in Vietnam, fear of communism overrode all other considerations in shaping Western policy. The lesson of Munich which Mr. Rusk seems incapable of perceiving is that a nation must choose its allies as well as its enemies.

Edward Schneier

DuBois memorial

Pittsfield, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: *The Berkshire Eagle* comes in for more credit than is its due in your April 1 issue [editorial, "Red Hunting Beyond the Grave"]. While we have supported the proposed memorial to W.E.B. DuBois editorially, the campaign for the memorial was spearheaded not by us but by Prof. Edmund W. Gordon of Yeshiva University and Walter Wilson of East Chatham, N. Y., and the W.E.B. DuBois Memorial Committee, of which they are chairmen. The seventy-six-member committee, incidentally, includes such notables as Reinhold Niebuhr, William L. Shirer, Roy Wilkins, Norman Rockwell and Sidney Poitier, to mention only a few.

Lawrence K. Miller, Editor

Canadian peace action

Regina, Sask.

DEAR SIRS: The Regina Vietnam Action Committee is interested in compiling a list of the names and addresses of Canadian peace groups, Vietnam Action groups, etc. We are doing this with a view to coordinating some Canada-wide peace action in the near future. . . . We would be willing to supply the file, once compiled, to the groups which have responded. Please send replies to: *Mrs. N. L. Crane, Vietnam Action Committee, 3222 Robinson St., Regina, Sask.*

EDITORIALS

A First Memorial

Universities and institutions of all sorts have begun to set up chairs of learning and other memorials to Dr. King—which is as it should be. But *The Nation* proposes a memorial to Dr. King, John F. Kennedy and all the other victims of sniper bullets, which would be at the same time a test of the temper of opinion in the Congress and a measure of whatever insight still remains in that body, namely that it pass the gun-control bill that has been pending before the Senate Judiciary Committee these many months.

By a weird bit of irony, the Senate Judiciary Committee met Thursday, April 4, with that peerless Southern statesman, James O. Eastland, in the chair. Pending before the committee is the so-called safe-streets bill. The only hope for getting the gun-control bill onto the floor was to work something out with "Jungle Jim," as he is sometimes irreverently called in the Senate office bars and cloakrooms. So the proponents of the bill hit upon the idea of attaching it to the safe-streets bill.

The committee was in session from 3 P.M. to 6 P.M. The panel defeated, 9 to 4, a proposal to ban interstate sales of firearms to individuals. The best that could be extracted from the sixteen members was a 6-to-6 tie vote to combine gun control with safe streets. The committee adjourned, and an hour later Dr. King was shot to death.

The situation was then altered. On Saturday, the committee voted 9 to 7 to attach gun control to safe streets; evidently, in the eyes of the committee members, the situation was not altered as drastically as one might have expected. Moreover, to win even this tactical victory, the proponents had to agree that rifles and shotguns should be exempted. Obviously Dr. King could not have been hit at any such distance with a hand gun, but those in favor of regulation were ready to do anything to get the bill to the floor. Now that it has been reported out, the rifles and shotguns will be put back and other amendments added, since the bill is farcical without their inclusion.

Also by coincidence, the principal opponent of the legislation, the National Rifle Association, was meeting in Boston April 6 to 11. The position of the association has always been that guns do not kill people, people kill people. This is a truism, but it is also a fact that at 200 yards a rifle is a big help. This is no concern of the association, however, and predictably it will do what it has done in the past—get out a tremendous barrage of letters to members of Congress. The NRA, characterized by the *Congressional Quarterly* as "the biggest lobbying group in Washington, employing more people than any other single pressure group," is said to be capable of getting something like a million gun-defending letters in the mail within seventy-two hours. The effect of such an inundation in an election year does not require description.

By a third coincidence, the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice, an adjunct of the Department

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of Defense, is meeting to decide what its policy should be. Many people are under the impression that the tie-in of this board with the civilian marksmanship program has been terminated, but actually all that has happened is that the board's funds were cut back to something like $100,000, and the board has been looking forward to a chance to get the appropriation restored to a more generous level. Of the twenty-three members of the board, a majority are big wheels in the National Rifle Association—ex-presidents, et al. Eight of the twenty-three board members are military personnel—colonels, generals, retired officers; every one of the eight is also a member of NRA. The board is shortly to decide on a stand. That should be interesting.

With perhaps one or two exceptions, there is no country in the world that would tolerate the opportunity-to-kill situation that exists in this country. Gunnar Myrdal, interviewed in Sweden by *The Washington Post* after Dr. King's death, said: "Psychopaths . . . think they can win an honored position by assassinating some public figure. . . . I am all against your gun laws." The American position, of course, carries over from the frontier business of eradicating Indians and like varmints. But we are still the greatest buyers of domestic and foreign arms in the world. After every war, or when NATO, for instance, modernizes its armament, the surplus is eagerly bought up in the United States. The domestic arms race parallels the international arms race.

There are few if any limitations on the sale of lethal weapons or precautionary measures in connection with such sales. According to the April 9 New York *Daily News*, the 30.06 Remington pump rifle that killed Dr. King was purchased at a Birmingham, Ala., gun shop four days before the shooting. The dealer clearly remembers the buyer, but there was no requirement that his fingerprints should be taken and his identity established. He took the weapon and vanished.

There are few open-and-shut propositions, but we see this as one of them. We have a Kennedy Airport and talk has started that Newark should be renamed King Airport. These are appropriate gestures, but the most practical memorial to Dr. King—and to Kennedy—would be a tight gun-control bill, passed immediately.

Insulation of the Presidency

After his speech of withdrawal and the assassination of Dr. King the President had a rough week. One can hardly imagine the pressures and tensions he has experienced. But considerations of sympathy for one so afflicted—after all, most of his trials he has brought on himself—should not preclude critical comment. Things can get still worse.

Is it possible that the modern Presidency insulates the incumbent against the kind of information and intelligence that he must receive to run his office effectively? He is thoroughly and continually briefed, but what is the quality of the intelligence he receives, and who determines what gets through to him? We know—the CIA has confessed as much—that he got a load

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of bad intelligence prior to the Tet offensive. We know too that his predecessor was wantonly misled at the time of the Bay of Pigs, and there are many less glaring, but still serious, lapses of this kind. Are there nonconductors impeding the flow of accurate information into the White House?

Reviewing the situation in the past two years, one cannot avoid the conclusion that (a) the President is erroneously briefed; (b) that he is not briefed on the right subjects at the right time; (c) that his contacts—the people who see him and have a chance to influence him for his own and the country's good—are far too limited and too much of one mind; or (d) that he gets valid information but elects to ignore it, or draws the wrong conclusions from the right data.

A prime example was Mr. Johnson's reference in his State of the Union message to "a certain restlessness" in the country. We were appalled by this grotesque understatement and commented on the dangers of such complacency in an editorial of the same title (January 29). John Gardner warned Mr. Johnson in December that the country was in perilous shape: Johnson did not listen and Mr. Gardner departed. Mayor Lindsay was another who commented on the President's failure to reflect any sort of acute concern regarding the situation in the cities. We summed up the message as "a sad speech in a troubled time."

Then when the report of the President's own commission on civil disorders reached him, he did not focus attention on it, did not have the commissioners in to discuss it, did not make an event of it. The newspapers for the most part were far more perceptive—with no help from the President. On the contrary, he rushed off to Puerto Rico, then sulked for a time, then finally said that the report would receive "careful study." The commission, composed entirely of moderates, had stressed in the strongest possible terms the urgency of the situation; the President's failure to respond was therefore a factor contributing to the rising tension. The particular spark that set off the disorders of April 4 to 9 no one could have foreseen, but that there would be some sort of ignition everybody foresaw—except, apparently, President Johnson.

When the riot occurred in Memphis, Mr. Johnson's reaction did not differ essentially from that of Mayor Henry Loeb (see article p. 529 this issue). On that day the President made two speeches and also issued a statement, all stressing in essence the need for "law and order." He spoke, but he was unresponsive as far as the essentials of the situation were concerned. He seems not to have had the slightest vital contact with the elements and forces that were actually at work.

A somewhat parallel situation occurred at Mrs. Johnson's luncheon for well-behaved, well-fed ladies at which Eartha Kitt shocked everyone with her outburst. Mrs. Johnson, the most well-meaning of women, had tears in her eyes when she replied to Miss Kitt, and in a somewhat apologetic tone pointed out that she had never had Miss Kitt's experiences and had, so to speak, been insulated from these intolerable aspects of American reality. Mrs. Johnson's responsibilities are limited; the President's, on the contrary, are unlimited. It is downright terrifying if he is misinformed or in any way impeded from getting the information which will enable him to correct old mistakes and avoid new ones. If that is the situation, he still has eight months to go on blundering in the dark.

How About Lindsay?

To the political amateur and professional alike, even to the average voter who pays woefully little serious attention to politics, '68 has been a phenomenal year. The never-to-be-conceived could happen, and did, and the future may hold more such surprises: McCarthy entering with excessive personal modesty, winning a victory, and deciding that maybe he will make it at Chicago; Kennedy jumping in with a lame excuse for his delay, but, once in, missing not a single political trick; the President taking himself out of the race in an action of which few considered him capable; the assassination of Dr. King, an event that could have profound political consequences; and the end is not yet. But note that almost all of this is on the Democratic side—only Romney's withdrawal and Rockefeller's statement made headlines for the Republicans. But there may be some surprises in store for the Republicans too.

Only a short time ago Nixon seemed a shoo-in; now, according to the Harris poll, he is in trouble. The extent of this trouble is measured by a number of indications: the growing liberal-moderate Republican interest in McCarthy (there is practically no interest of this kind in Kennedy); the statements of Sens. Mark Hatfield and George Aiken that they just might vote for a Democratic peace candidate; the renewed rumbles that Rockefeller might get into the race.

And he should, but in any case he should get off the fence. We would like to see him in it if only to find out what he really thinks about Vietnam, where one of his foreign policy advisers, Henry Kissinger, has apparently been playing an interesting behind-the-scenes role. Then there is the factor of Lieut. Gen. James Gavin's announcement of support for Rockefeller, after which Rockefeller assumed a posture of complete passivity. Gavin has too many valuable insights, gained from an extraordinarily varied series of roles—military, diplomatic and business—to be wasted. If Rockefeller is not going to run, Gavin, an independent who can move in any direction, could prove immensely useful to another candidate—Senator McCarthy, for instance. As adviser to the next President, he could speed up the tortuous process of making peace in Vietnam, which President Johnson can initiate but probably not complete in his remaining tenure.

If Mr. Rockefeller chooses to stay out, then it seems to us that he should consider encouraging or sponsoring Mayor John V. Lindsay of New York who, if backed by the New York delegation, might create a lot of excitement at Miami. Consider these facts:

(*1*) Lindsay has a superb record on the two key domestic issues—the racial situation and the crisis of the cities; and we know where he stands on Vietnam.

(*2*) He was a key figure on the President's commission

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on civil disorders and had a lot to do with the tone and tenor of the report and with the fact that it was submitted unanimously in the end.

(3) He is the spokesman, *nationally*, and recognized as such, for the cities, and for the new constituencies that are forming around the three intertwined issues of race, cities and war in Southeast Asia.

(4) He has a style of political leadership attuned to the times. He knows, perhaps better than any other Republican, the intolerable conditions and urgent needs of the cities—which is where the Republicans must pick up sizable blocks of votes if they are to have a chance to win.

(5) He has exceptional poise and courage, and both show on television. Contrast his manner of surveying a crisis situation with that adopted by Mayor Daley of Chicago. Daley calls for his helicopter and views the scene from above the battle; Lindsay walks the streets and talks with the people. It is dangerous, but effective. That is what it takes to be mayor of a great city in turbulent times.

The Nation's most ardent desire is to see both a Democratic and a Republican candidate, either of whom could restore its lost prestige to the Presidency and who could tackle with adequate intelligence the malign forces that divide us. Lindsay's name should by all means go before the delegates at Miami.

Winds of Oregon

It's a topsy-turvy primary election season in Oregon. Some weather-beaten veterans of the Wednesday noon-hour Portland State College peace vigil are switching from McCarthy to Kennedy, believing that RFK has the better chance to win. Some members of the local jet set are deserting Kennedy for McCarthy, on the ground that glamour is less exciting than courage. Liberal Republicans in significant numbers are changing their registration to Democrat so that they can vote for McCarthy. Conservative Republicans, in perhaps lesser numbers, are registering Democratic to bolster Robert Duncan, who is opposing Sen. Wayne Morse, the target of Oregon rightists, Meanyish labor leaders and Administration wheels.

Duncan, roughed up in 1966 by Mark Hatfield—who is emerging as one of the clearer peace voices in the Senate—was an unabashed hawk two years ago. Indeed support of LBJ's Vietnamese policy was his abiding issue. Today he has dropped the war to the bottom rung of the issues ladder; when he does speak on the subject, it is to establish himself as a deeply troubled man who prays for a way out. (This posture has left the peace people cold.)

The local AFL-CIO has swung its paper strength behind Duncan, giving observers outside the state the false impression that Oregon labor has abandoned Morse. But Morse has the emphatic support of the powerful building trades unions; the ILWU (Longshoremen), who are the potent political force in one of the state's key counties; and the Teamsters, who can do a better job of mobilizing membership than anyone else in the labor movement.

It is too soon to measure the effect of Johnson's departure on these vagrant tugs and pressures, but Oregon politics are not about to turn lethargic.

More on Spain

Our editorial in the April 8 issue, "Put Spain on the Agenda NOW," was by no means the last word on this matter for those who value the good name of the United States and object to seeing Treasury funds poured out for useless—if not nefarious—ends. Since 1953, we have been buttressing Franco's increasingly shaky regime with billions of American dollars, expended on four Spanish-American bases and accounting in some measure for the precarious status of American currency. The original pact ran for ten years, then was extended for another five. In September it comes up again for renewal. This time it should be scrapped—with the happy possibility that Franco would fall in the process.

With its usual gall, the Franco gang is preparing to raise the price for a renewal of the pact covering the bases, or at least shows a resolve to keep it where it is. In what was billed as a major foreign-policy speech, foreign minister Fernando María Castiella y Máiz told the Cortés (the Franco simulation of a parliament) that the presence of a reinforced Soviet fleet in the Mediterranean has greatly increased the strategic value of the Spanish coasts and is "forcing" Spain to "reconsider very carefully all present and future military commitments. . . . In truth, we have been on the verge of becoming unwillingly the field for maneuver for the Western forces, each day more crowded in the limited European space." Apparently Spain wants to be fully integrated in the Western defense system—in a sense taking the place of France—and means to be well paid for its good will. To make us quake the more, Castiella added a vague threat of Spanish neutralism.

The kind of country that Spain is under the Franco regime is shown by a dispatch from Madrid by Tad Szulc in the April 3 *New York Times*. Marcelino Camacho Abad, a labor leader on trial with twelve others for his role in the Madrid riot of January 27, 1967, had already been imprisoned for fourteen months, and now that he had a courtroom audience insisted on answering questions in his own way. The judge threatened him with expulsion for contempt if he did more than answer "yes" or "no." The dispute ended with Camacho being dragged out of the courtroom, shouting: "This is a dictatorship that is drowning. Long live liberty!" Thereupon the courtroom broke into chants of "liberty! liberty!" and all except the newsmen were hustled out.

The expulsion of an obstreperous defendant is sometimes resorted to in normal trial procedure, but the proceedings are not resumed until order has been restored and the defendant is back in the dock. In Franco's Spain they do it differently: at the afternoon session not only was Camacho absent from the court but the press was also barred. The Fascist judge was outdoing the Star Chamber proceedings of the Tudors and Stuarts in the 16th and 17th centuries.

When this sort of thing occurs in a Communist country, howls of outrage emanate from some intellectual groups in America. They now have a chance to protest against a prolongation of the American "defense" pact with a nation where intellectual freedom is penalized more severely than in most Communist countries.

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EASTERN EUROPE

MOSCOW'S WAYWARD SATELLITES

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris

I have always had an ambiguous attitude toward the Czechs. Common sense and "realism" are excellent qualities in their own way, but they are not always easy to admire. Yet I am perfectly ready to admit that, but for these qualities, the Czechs could never have survived. They are placed right in the middle of Europe and surrounded by more or less hostile neighbors—Germans and Hungarians in the first place, but also the Poles who, at the time of Munich, did not hesitate to grab Teschen from them, with Hitler's blessing. For centuries they formed part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, managing somehow to flourish economically, and in the 19th and early 20th century even developed an admirable national culture of their own. They produced Dvorak and Smetana in music, *The Good Soldier Schweik* and the novels of Kafka (though written in German) in literature, to mention only the world famous.

As one of the great beneficiaries of the Versailles Peace Treaty, the Czechs became the favorite proteges of France, in the 1920s the greatest military power on the Continent; and, of all the French "satellites," they established the most solid and lasting Western-type parliamentary democracy, under the leadership of truly great men like Thomas Masaryk and Eduard Benes.

Then came the great Munich betrayal, and six months later, Czechoslovakia was occupied by the Nazis. There were pathetic street demonstrations in Prague at the time of Munich, but after the entry of Hitler's troops and Gestapo in March, 1939, the Czechs, though bitter and angry, adapted themselves as best they could to the occupation, while Slovakia became an "independent" country under a quisling government.

There was nothing much the Czechs ("those Pygmies who have come to Europe, God knows from where," as Goering said) could do. With a Vichy-like sense of self-preservation, they by and large "collaborated." The Czech working class produced equipment for the Wehrmacht; in contrast to Poland and the occupied areas of the Soviet Union, no strong resistance movement arose in Bohemia and Moravia. True, the fiendish Nazi *Gauleiter* Heydrich was assassinated, and the little town of Lidice was burned to the ground, most of its inhabitants being massacred. But Lidice was an isolated case, though it has become a symbol of "Czech Resistance." In the Soviet Union, particularly in Byelorussia, there were hundreds of "Lidices," and the Russians made less political capital out of them than did the Czechs out of Lidice.

I remember that during the war the Czech Communist leaders in Moscow—Gottwald, Kopecky, Cepicka and the rest—complained bitterly of the "weakness" of the Czech resistance, blaming ex-President Benes, then head of the Czechoslovak government-in-exile in London, for not giving it more encouragement. The Slovaks were more "romantic" and in the fall of 1944, when the Red Army entered Slovakia, they built up a strong resistance movement—which, however, ended only in tragedy. The Czechs scarcely budged. When Benes returned to Prague after the complete defeat of Germany, he looked out over the baroque palaces and churches of the beautiful city from the heights of Hradschin and remarked: "Wonderful to think that, of all the great cities of Central and Eastern Europe, Prague is the only one to have fully survived. Berlin, Warsaw, Budapest, Vienna, Dresden, Kiev and hundreds of others are, more or less, in ruins, but not Prague!"

Between 1945 and February, 1948, there came a transition period when Czechoslovakia *seemed* the perfect show window of East-West coexistence. But at the height of the cold war, Stalin and the Czech Communists engineered their February, 1948, coup. The toughest Stalinists took over; and Benes, now an old and very sick man, reluctantly accepted the change of regime.

Some of my most unpleasant experiences of those years arose from visits to Czechoslovakia in 1949 and 1950. Because during those years I also frequently visited Tito's Yugoslavia, I was *persona non grata* in Prague. Reconciling themselves to their evil fate of being—for how long no one could say—nothing but a Russian satellite, the Czechs became even more Stalinist than the Moscow Stalinists. Significantly, I was first attacked as a "notorious British snooper," not by *Pravda* but by the Prague *Rude Pravo*; it was only after that, that a certain Krushinsky, the *Pravda* correspondent in Prague, denounced me in similar terms in the Moscow paper. There was much hee-hawing about it in the British Foreign Office.

Then, two years later, I was named, along with Richard Crossman, Konni Zilliacus and dozens of others, as a "British Intelligence and Zionist spy" at the Slansky trial, as a result of which my old friend Otto Katz (alias André Simone) was hanged along with several others. It was Katz who had first attacked me in *Rude Pravo* three years earlier. In Prague, between 1948 and 1952, people were arrested by the thousands and sent to the uranium mines. Of all the gigantic statues of Stalin erected in the satellite countries, the one put up in Prague was the most gigantic. (I am told that it is still there, but that Stalin's head has recently been replaced by Lenin's! There are virtues of economy in the rigorous conventions of Communist official art.)

Among satellite countries, Czechoslovakia (apart from the special case of East Germany) was by far the slowest to de-Stalinize itself. Yugoslavia had been the first to break free in 1948; in 1956, soon after the 20th Party Congress in Moscow, Poland and Hungary also rebelled. Gomulka, a "national Communist," took the place of the Stalinists in Warsaw, and Khrushchev, afraid to send troops, accepted the change. In Hungary, the more violent rebellion was suppressed by Russian tanks in Budapest;

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but even so, there was a change of regime. Instead of Stalinists like Rakosi and Gerö, the "national Communist" Kadar (previously imprisoned, like Gomulka) took over.

Czechoslovakia alone did not move. After Gottwald's death, first the wholly reliable Zapotocky, and then the equally reliable Antonin Novotny headed the Czech Communist regime. Romania, meantime, was becoming more and more emancipated from Soviet tutelage. So, in the last ten years, the East European countries could be classified as "loyal" to Russia in the following order: East Germany, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, Hungary, Poland, Romania, Yugoslavia—the last two being virtually emancipated.

There is one point that here needs stressing: all these countries except Yugoslavia are members of the Warsaw Pact, the Eastern equivalent of NATO, but of these Poland and Czechoslovakia, together with Russia, are most directly affected by the "German Menace." The new Czechoslovak leader, the young Alexander Dubcek, has assured the Russians with the greatest power of conviction at his command that, whatever internal reforms the Czechs undertook, there could be no question of Czechoslovakia dropping out of the military alliance with Russia (which is precisely what Imre Nagy of Hungary threatened to do in 1956, shortly before he was shot). Poland will also hold firm, Gomulka having emphatically stated that the very existence of his country depends on the Russian alliance, the sole real guarantor, among other things, of the Oder-Neisse frontier with Germany.

Gomulka's recent very tough and near-Stalinist speech ascribed (as the Russians were careful never to do) the intellectual ferment in Poland partly to "Zionist" influences and to the "disloyalty to Poland" of the numerous Jews among the restless intellectuals. (See "Poland: Anti-Semitism as Usual," by Samuel L. Sharp, *The Nation,* April 15.)

Now, one must distinguish between Poland and Czechoslovakia in an important respect. In Poland, there is a strong anti-Russian tradition; in Czechoslovakia, there is practically none, even though the very harsh Stalinist regime which existed there, especially between 1948 and at least 1960, is not a happy memory. Both the Czechs and the Poles know at heart that the Russian military alliance is essential to their survival, with West Germany only waiting for the opportunity to reconquer the Sudetenland, as well as Poland's "western territories." But just because of this difference of traditional attitudes toward

Illingworth, Punch: Ben Roth

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Russia in the two countries, Moscow has found it necessary in the last few months to be much tougher with the Poles than with the Czechs. It looks upon a possible change of regime in Poland, where the *czarna reakcija* (the "black reaction") and the Catholic Church are still powerful, as a very great danger. A liberalization of Czechoslovakia, though regrettable from the Soviet viewpoint, is not dangerous.

A particularly significant conversation took place in Prague on March 21 at the meeting of the presidium of the Communist Central Committee between President Novotny and one of his principal "liberal" enemies, Cernik:

> NOVOTNY: If they dare, let the Party and the Parliament disavow me!
>
> CERNIK: We *shall* dare to disavow you if you do not submit to our will.

The point is that Cernik had just returned from Moscow, where the Soviet leaders had given Novotny's enemies a free hand to set up a more liberal regime. There followed the Dresden conference of the various Communist parties —a meeting called by the Russians to consider, among other things, the latest developments in Czechoslovakia. What Dubcek's statement amounted to was that Czechoslovakia would remain a faithful member of the Warsaw Pact, but that its internal affairs, in which the Communists would continue to play the leading part, were the Czechs' own business. The alternative for the Russians was to send their tanks into Prague, as they had done in Budapest in 1956; but this had obvious disadvantages and was much less necessary than in the case of Budapest, where Imre Nagy had declared himself in favor of an Austrian-like neutrality for Hungary.

The most important question is how the ferment in both Poland and Czechoslovakia got started. I have not the slightest doubt that, in both cases, *the revolt was led by the intellectuals*. And, in the case of Czechoslovakia, this revolt spread to a large part of the Communist Party itself. The Czechs may be the world's most cautious people, but even the Czech Communists knew that the real Achilles heel of the Soviet Union is its cultural and ideological policy—something against which practically the entire Soviet intelligentsia (running into many millions) is in discreet, though genuine, revolt. Like the Czech and Polish intellectuals, millions of thoughtful Russians long for greater freedom of expression, for great creative freedom, for a severe limitation, if not abolition, of censorship, for a de-bureaucratization of the arts, literature and even journalism.

The tragedy in Russia is that its Writers' Union, in contrast to parallel organizations in Poland and Czechoslovakia, which are strongholds of liberalism, is today still the most powerful citadel of Stalinism. If there were relatively "liberal" periods under Khrushchev (there were also some particularly vile ones, as that marked by the hounding of Pasternak), things have been going from bad to worse under Brezhnev and M. A. Suslov, the Savonarola-like "ideological chief" of the Politburo. The consequence has been such events as the Siniavsky-Daniel trial, the even worse Solzhenitsyn case, whereby one of Russia's greatest writers was practically buried alive, not a line of his having been published since 1963. These oppressions enjoyed the approval of Konstantin Fedin, head of the Writers' Union, and a former "liberal." Since then there have been more and more trials of writers. Even if one or two of the defendants may have fallen into a CIA-NTS trap (the NTS is an anti-Soviet *emigre* organization in Munich), most of them had nothing whatsoever to do with either the CIA or the NTS. An atmosphere of extreme orthodoxy and intolerance now oppresses the whole literary life of Russia, even the most "liberal" magazines, *Novy Mir* and *Yunost*, having become almost as unreadable as the rest, and the "page of humor" in *Literary Gazette* being about as funny as a farewell oration at a Presbyterian funeral—and this in the country of Gogol, Saltykov-Shchedrin, Chekhov, Zoshchenko, and Ilf and Petrov!

It is generally assumed in Moscow (correctly, I believe) that Kosygin strongly opposes this victimization of the writers, but that he had to throw them to the wolves on the understanding that the Stalinists would strictly *not* interfere in economic affairs or foreign policy. Putting two and two together, it seems clear that it was thanks to Kosygin's influence that the enemies of Novotny (the man whom Brezhnev twice tried to rescue) were given leave to end the near-Stalinist regime in Czechoslovakia.

That Brezhnev is furious about what has happened is evident from his diatribe against the intellectuals on March 29—a speech in which he threatened the "renegades" and those guilty of "ideological immaturity" with all kinds of punishments. Quite a few people—rightly or, let us hope, wrongly—have interpreted this Brezhnev outburst as a threat to initiate a Stalin-like purge against the intellectuals, with labor camps and all. It is no less significant that Suslov refused to attend the Dresden meeting, which in effect okayed the changes in Czechoslovakia. I foresee a period of acute tension in the Soviet leadership between the "liberals" under Kosygin and the crypto-Stalinists under Brezhnev and Suslov. Almost the entire young generation of Russians is on Kosygin's side, but the establishment, particularly the literary establishment, is still largely Stalinist. If (God forbid!) they win, I can see fearful pressure being brought on Prague; if the "liberals" win, the nightmare in which all the better Russian writers have lived for the last few years will at last come to an end. Thus, the change of regime in Prague may mark the beginning of something very good—or of something very fearful. My own (admittedly optimistic) forecast is that we shall soon see the last of Suslov.

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BEALE STREET AND POINTS NORTH

Memphis Is Also America

PAT WATTERS
Mr. Watters is Director of Information, the Southern Regional Council. He is co-author, with Reese Cleghorn, of Climbing Jacob's Ladder *(Harcourt, Brace & World), a recent study of Negro voting.*

His movement, his life were Southern; but Memphis, where he died, symbolized more than the South. Its racial crisis of 1968 and its murderous failure were those of all America. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., went there during the fifth week of a garbage workers' strike that had built into a civil rights movement and a dangerous crisis. The Memphis Negro community had not developed much of a civil rights movement during the early 1960s. So the movement that did come in 1968 capsuled into a few swift weeks the decade's history of white America's failure to respond to the nonviolence of Dr. King, and black America's recoil into despair and a violence of desperation.

The Southern Regional Council, a biracial human relations organization in Atlanta, had warned of the dangers of Memphis in two reports, one a week before the so-called riot there, the other a week before the assassination of Dr. King. They were by J. Edwin Stanfield of the Council staff whose reporting from Memphis is the basis for the account that follows.

The strike began on February 12 over a grievance of twenty-two sewer workers. Thirteen hundred Negroes, most of them garbage workers, walked out. Some, but not all, were members of Memphis Local 1733 of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees (AFL-CIO). The union demanded better pay and working conditions, city recognition of the union and a system of dues checkoffs. The entire crisis hinged on the question of union recognition. Mayor Henry Loeb, one of those rightist-tending, know-nothing, wealthy businessmen-turned-politicians, who have emerged in important public offices across the South in the wake of the Goldwater movement, personable and certainly not of the old racist demagogue breed, had refused to budge on the point. (He was still refusing even after the assassination, as the Memphis Central Labor Council and the Tennessee Council on Human Relations, a private organization, demanded his resignation.) He contended that unions of city employees were illegal, on the basis of an *obiter dictum* in a state supreme court decision of several years ago.

Negro leaders, including most ministers, began rather routine support of the strike, and became increasingly incensed over the intransigence of the Mayor in negotiations, and the ineffectiveness of the City Council. On February 23, the Council evaded taking a public stand in favor of union recognition, and Negroes hastily organized a march on the downtown section in protest. City police in large numbers—Negroes said too large—accompanied the march. When some marchers laid hands on a police car that some claimed had run over a woman's foot, officers cut loose with mace up and down the line of nonviolent demonstrators, spraying it into faces at close range, using it as punishment rather than a deterrent.

The use of mace rather than clubs or shotguns was a mark of a generally enlightened policy of Police Commissioner Frank Holloman. But the performance of his men reflected a general problem in the country, an inability to control police forces shot through with their own tendencies to racism and hysteria. Police and military overreaction to Negro protest and turmoil has become common; the keepers of order become themselves causes of disorder.

The police action in Memphis, the affront to the leaders—to men of God and to the people—was the unifying factor. From then on Memphis had a movement, a peaceful but deeply indignant one.

The issues of the strike were broadened to a protest against general conditions for Negroes, not unlike those in cities across the land—police brutality, unfit housing, lack of jobs, low wages, discrimination in schools. These, as Dr. King later noted, were the new national issues of Negro protest, economic at base, the focal point of the Poor People's Campaign. But the main issue in Memphis was dignity. Again and again, preachers, union leaders and others demanded dignity, deplored the indignity of the misused mace, of the Mayor's paternalistic treatment of negotiators, his failure even to understand the symbolic importance of union recognition for men whose legacy was the powerlessness of plantation laborers.

The Negro ministers were in charge through the rest of the fateful campaign; the mood was close to that of the early civil rights struggle—nonviolent, firm but patient, willing to work within traditional institutions. And until the assassination of Dr. King, this was the predominant mood among Negroes in the South. No major riot had occurred in a Southern city. The adherents of black power waited in the wings in Memphis; as across the South since 1966, the mood of black power had hovered but not taken over.

Young militants told the ministers to try their nonviolence; they would wait and act only when it was apparent nonviolence would accomplish nothing. And the ministers passed on the threat of this to the whites with whom they vainly sought accommodation, the ministers speaking their own anger and indignation, saying how their faith in nonviolence was shaking, how they might eventually have to "go fishing," leaving the field to the young militants.

The impasse and growing tension of the strike continued for five weeks before Dr. King came in. One evidence of white support heartened the Negroes; white unions gave money and on one day 500 white union members

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marched in support of the strike. There was talk that the nucleus of a real coalition between labor rank and file and the Negro movement was at last at hand.

But except for the unusual (in the South, unprecedented) solidarity of labor, there was no meaningful action from any level of white leadership or society to resolve what all should have recognized as a deadly dangerous situation. Some white churches made feeble, futile gestures. The two newspapers, both part of the Scripps-Howard chain, were regarded by Negroes as chief agents of indignity. They flatly supported the Mayor and disparaged the strikers with such devices as a cartoon showing a fat Negro man sitting on a garbage can with wavy lines indicating a bad odor; it was titled, "Threat of Anarchy." Businessmen, admittedly hurt by a Negro boycott, either kept hands off or encouraged the Mayor. One of the biggest businessmen said unionization of public employees had to be stopped before it spread to police and firemen. The City Council, recently reorganized to be more powerful, failed to support the strike even verbally.

When it became known that Dr. King would come on the scene, with the inevitable escalation of emotions, an attempt at nonbinding mediation was made. It fell apart almost immediately. Union representatives quit after three meetings, saying representatives of the city had admitted that they were not authorized to agree on any issue. Similarly, Negro leaders had almost ceased talking with the Mayor, who continuously urged discussions with no apparent intention to do anything but talk.

It was into this impasse that Dr. King walked on March 28. He had been asked; it was typical that he left the crucial planning of his Poor People's Campaign to engage in this Southern sortie. Tension built before the march started. Dr. King was late. There were rumors of police brutality to high school students. Militants were on hand.

As the march of at least 5,000 got under way nonviolently, some young people, probably no more than fifty, took to the sidewalks and broke store windows. Leaders stopped the march just before police ordered it ended. Dr. King was whisked away; police violence took over. It was probably not possible for officers to apprehend the window breakers and allow the march to continue. But police, by most accounts, discriminated not at all between the vandals and the nonviolent in their clubbings and beatings. They shot and killed one youth, accused of looting, injured nearly sixty Negroes, and arrested 280. Four thousand National Guardsmen came in, and a nightly curfew was enforced. Network television routinely reported that no Negro could be on the streets without a reason. It sounded like South Africa.

Other national reaction was not unlike that of white Memphis. Almost uniformly, indeed almost as a conditioned reflex, the press emphasized the window breaking rather than the weeks of white Memphis' failure, and stressed implications for violence in Dr. King's planned march on Washington. Not the Memphis *Press-Scimitar* or *Commercial Appeal* but *The New York Times* commented that the effect of Dr. King's Memphis march was to "solidify white sentiment against the strikers," and said: "Dr. King must by now realize that his descent on Washington is likely to prove even more counter-productive." Eugene Patterson, editor of *The Atlanta Constitution* and a member of the United States Commission on Civil Rights, wrote: "Dr. King offers the best hope of keeping the smoke now heating in the ghettos from springing into fire. But in trying to recall the riotous element to the banner of non-violence, the outbreak of violence becomes his failure—and his problem, as well as America's, and particularly the Negro's." Alongside his column was a cartoon showing a diminutive Dr. King in the hands of a Frankenstein monster labeled "Mob Fever."

(Such admonitions against the Poor People's March, common to Negroes as well as white people of good intention and small understanding, overlooked, as did white Memphis, the issue of dignity. They failed to see the desperation which compelled the march. Winifred Green of the American Friends Service Committee, who helped recruit marchers from Alabama, described the very many who were ready to go: "They don't think of things being made worse. They *know* things can't be any worse for them. And they don't know anything else to do."

The President of the United States, in his first reaction to Memphis, said: "I want to again assure you that the resources of your government stand behind local law enforcement agencies to the full extent of our constitutional authority. Mindless violence—destroying what we have all worked so hard to build—will never be tolerated in America." Of the same pattern had been Johnson's lukewarm, if not antagonistic, response to the urgent report of his National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders, and his withdrawal of opposition to a riot-control bill to punish interstate travelers who contribute to violence.

The Southern Regional Council had warned before the March 28 violence that those in positions of power "never seemed to grasp the reality of the situation, its danger, or its promise. . . ." The comment seemed applicable to all of America.

The outpouring of grief and guilt and bathos after the assassination, coming from such an officialdom, a press, a society, and coming so soon after the similar meaningless mourning of President Kennedy, had to be called obscene. The appropriate response would be action—in Memphis, a just settlement of the garbage strike; in Washington, all the white sympathizers joining in the Poor People's March; in Congress, a full, not token, program to meet the needs of poverty and to eliminate institutionalized racism. Ending the war in Vietnam would have to be a corollary, morally related action.

In Atlanta, Prof. Finley C. Campbell of Morehouse College, whose influence helped prevent violence in student demonstrations immediately after the assassination, said students were full of "confusion, dread, ambivalence." They could be led either way. Some would follow Dr. King's methods and his Southern Christian Leadership Conference; others would go with Stokely Carmichael's SNCC. Congress' immediate response would be the "last chance" for traditional nonviolent methods in the South.

Negro colleges in the South seemed the likely focal points for whatever came of protest and demands for racial justice in the aftermath of the assassination. Ferment had already spread across the campuses before Dr. King's

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death, in part responding to the situation where protest over discrimination in education in Orangeburg, S.C., had resulted in the needless killing of three students by state police. (One hopeful note was widespread response to the assassination from white students across the South.) The "young intellectuals" to whom C. Wright Mills hearkened, who had mainly dropped out of the civil rights movement after the sit-ins, might be heard from again.

Their tone would reflect a new era. During a march of students of the Atlanta University complex the day after the assassination, a Negro youth looked up to see Atlanta Police Chief Herbert Jenkins, noted for his liberal influence in the Riot Commission, riding by. The young man pointed a finger at the chief, and said, "You're going to pay the price for this." The chief said nothing. A Negro Atlantan in his car said sadly a few minutes later, "Do you know who that kid was? One of the nine who desegregated Atlanta schools back in 1961." An era had begun and ended in the South in the young man's history, with the beginning and end of the career of Dr. King, the two not unconnected.

The "last-chance" hope or dream or myth was still feebly alive. But manifest across America was the kind of blindness that afflicted white Memphis. For America, in its white power centers, in the generality of its white society, never really saw Dr. King, never heard him. It had, in the words of his widow, "questioned his integrity, maligned his motives, and distorted his views." But more frightening than that, it had been so fascinated with the potential for violence in his nonviolent demonstrations that it could never focus on the issues.

But there had always been hope, with Dr. King alive, that somehow his philosophy might prevail, that his followers, particularly Negro Southerners, might somehow alter American society, might miraculously reinstill in it a civilized decency. Now he was dead. The kind of chasm that already seemed unbridgeable between black and white in the North, would, it seemed inevitable, now become wide in the South. The erosive, deteriorating effect of the King assassination, like that of President Kennedy, would be at work in the months and years to come. It had never been reasonable to expect one Negro leader, or his Negro followers, to transform white America. Maybe at last white America would come to know this. It would be the beginning of understanding what Martin Luther King was talking about.

Night Walk in Harlem

BENNETT KREMEN
Mr. Kremen, a free-lance writer, is a former teacher and social worker in East Harlem.

When the news hit that Martin Luther King had been shot dead, my friends and neighbors living in a white area far downtown from the convulsions they imagined going on in Harlem were shocked and dismayed. But for many, sympathy soon gave way to a fear more intense than they had ever shown before, even in times of great rioting. The long-expected bloodletting of masses of whites had certainly arrived—or so the sentiment went as many phones in the neighborhood began to ring with suburban mothers calling their children in town, urging caution and carefully locked windows, or offering invitations for a weekend in the safety of Queens or Westchester.

"This time they're really going to do it!" one friend's mother insisted, adding: "It's like shooting their President. Imagine what a lot of whites would've done if a Negro shot Kennedy?"

I heard many others echoing this woman's fears, and finally had to remind myself that the Negroes are a minority not too stupid to respect the vastness and effectiveness of *white power,* regardless of misleading impressions to the contrary manufactured by the easy rhetoric of the H. Rap Browns and the dangerous susceptibility to fearing the Negro that white men suffer from. And then I understood what creates that classical, but irrational white man's nightmare of the stereotyped Negro, too crazed or stupid to fear death, crawling in through a window with a knife in his teeth and murder in his heart: As my friend's mother had recognized, crimes like the murder of Martin Luther King or persistent abuses like the white man's easy tolerance of Negro misery invite bloody retaliations.

But despite ghetto riots, Negro retaliation has never really come off. When I decided to go up to Harlem to do an article on the night after King's murder, I had to argue this point in order to convince those who loved me that I wouldn't come back in a coffin. Had they ever seen Negroes rioting other than on television?, I asked them. Had they known many people maimed or injured by Negroes other than in muggings, which always has been the recourse of the disorganized poor? Had there ever been a Negro riot that truly spread into a white neighborhood? Finally I asked whose homes are gutted in a Negro riot and who usually suffers and dies.

Nevertheless, at ten that night before I left for East 96th Street, Harlem's dramatic boundary abruptly separating its slums from Manhattan's posh East Side, I tried to reassure myself that no major bloodshed would occur up there. I based this assumption on the observation that since Harlem's riot in 1964, which set the style of those that followed in other cities, no neighborhood where severe violence had exploded experienced in another season more violence of equal magnitude. The fact that both Pittsburgh's and Washington's black belt were put to the torch and looted for the first time fit into this pattern, while on the riot-wise West Side of Chicago, the only area in the North where Dr. King organized peaceful but passionate battles, a striking exception occurred.

Armed with this knowledge, I managed to keep my

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apprehensions in check as I arrived on 96th Street, where I'd planned to hail a cab to drive me through central Harlem. The first thing I noticed was unusual calm on the street and a police barricade in front of a jewelry store with its protective grating half torn off. This was Friday night; on Thursday night scores of shops such as this one had been vandalized throughout the area and nearly eighty looters had been arrested by morning—all this being evidence of disorder that was mild when compared with those the nation is rapidly getting accustomed to.

After trying for a futile half hour to get a cab that would take me up past 96th, I decided to board a bus rather than walk through the dark streets that in their strange stillness now seemed suddenly sinister and threatening, even though as a teacher and social worker in East Harlem I'd often walked them at night. Thus I realized that despite myself I, like my friends, expected some unknown catastrophe. With relief I got on a nearly empty bus, and after getting change from the young Negro driver, took a seat next to a woman who kept her eyes from me even though I must have been an oddity; I was the only white person in sight, heading straight toward 125th Street and Lenox Avenue, toward the inevitable eye of the hurricane whenever Harlem breaks loose. Only a block away, on 125th and Seventh Avenue, Fidel Castro played host to Nikita Khrushchev. And on this same corner, Marcus Garvey, the originator of Black Nationalism, and his heir, Malcolm X, used to speak from soap boxes; and here also three and a half years ago was the scene of the first large-scale riot in a Northern city since Dr. King initiated the protests of the civil rights movement.

When our bus shot past 108th Street, one coming from the opposite direction pulled to a screeching stop. Its driver opened his window and shouted:

"Hey, this is it baby!"

"Yeah," our driver shouted back. "And I'm goin' home —fast."

When our driver barreled on through the almost deserted streets, the grave faces of the black people sitting near me, which were so profoundly saddened that day, turned deeply anxious. And then, for the first time, it became clear that not only white people feel fear when potential violence hovers in the streets. The lady next to me was now looking into my eyes:

"What did he say mister?"

"I'll ask him."

The driver looked worried, and when I spoke to him, rather than get angry, he seemed glad to share his concern.

"It's just the feelin'. It's been buildin' all night."

"But why should you worry? You're all black people on the bus. I'll get off."

"Don't be silly, man—it's not you. Those bottles ain't got eyes. And some of those kids ain't got any brains. They hit buses and don't care who's in 'em!"

When I returned to my seat as we passed 116th, where fire engines at the ready were parked on the barricaded street, others than just the woman next to me were listening for news from the driver.

"He said there might be a little trouble, but he'd swing around it." The fear I saw now in the eyes of those lifelong residents of Harlem was pronounced. And I felt obliged, as inappropriate as it seemed, to offer these people advice because I, not they, had experienced similar hectic nights when I covered the riots last summer in Spanish Harlem.

"If bottles fly, lie down on the floor; and, ma'am, take off your glasses." The woman next to me immediately removed her glasses, and I could see gratitude on her face not because I seemed knowledgeable but because I was a man—and it didn't matter what color—being helpful to a woman alone at a tense moment.

But it grew even more tense as we noticed the flashing lights up ahead at 125th Street and the dozens of cops, some of them in khaki army helmets, trotting up Lenox Avenue. When we finally approached the crucial intersection, our fear grew severe as we spotted at least a hundred teen-agers fleeing down the avenue, some of them dodging across Lenox to avoid the cops now hurrying toward the corner. Our driver sped on, stopping only for a Negro employee of the bus line, who was flagging him down. The man leaped through the door and called out:

"Get her out of here: they're flingin' bottles at the cops." The driver threw a wild left turn, racing the bus three blocks off course.

"Ladies and gentleman," he announced. "This is no longer the Lenox Number One. You're on the Number Three—the scenic route." No one smiled until faces loosened with relief as the flashing red lights quickly receded behind us. And again, by seeing this with my own eyes and not relying on the inadvertent distortions of the media, I was enlightened. For I realized that the mayhem that goes on in the ghettos is what gets glaringly dramatized, while the feelings and actions of most Negroes, like those that surrounded me on the bus, are often ignored—not by design, perhaps, but because of limitation of time on television and of space in the papers. Thus the image of the crazed black man, heedless of death and with murder in his heart, gets priority on television screens and feeds already believing minds of white America.

When I came back down Lenox on a southbound bus, I soon noticed that the earlier bottle-throwing incident had been an isolated one and that calm prevailed on 125th Street, which now looked like the main artery of a city seized by a foreign army. Hundreds of pale-faced policemen lined the streets for blocks in each direction. With qualms, I decided to get off the bus and walk through the heart of it all. Also getting off the bus were two bright-looking, well-mannered teen-agers obviously coming down to the center of their neighborhood to get a closer look at the excitement. And when they saw me heading for the door, too, they stared at me with surprise and curiosity. When I smiled at them, they smiled back, and we were soon walking together toward 125th.

"You know," one of them said to me after we'd talked awhile, "they always shoot people who try to help—Lincoln, Kennedy, Malcolm X, Dr. King—I couldn't sleep last night thinking about it."

"Do a lot of these young guys down here keeping the cops up tight think about things the way you do?"

"Lot of them are just after a rep. But some do. They're all mixed together. Hey, do you know the cops loot too.

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Some guys who were in the last one in '64 watched them doing it in a jewelry store."

"That's right," I said, grateful for his confidence. "Everybody loots when there's chaos, don't they?"

"Yeah—why don't they say that?"

When we passed a large cluster of husky cops standing on Seventh Avenue, the youth I was talking to leaned toward me and whispered:

"You can't just go up against 'em. They got the fire power!" This statement, showing no ignorance at all of the strength possessed by white America, made me wonder if the death and pain suffered during a major riot leaves those elements in a community that tend toward violence with a bitter memory that, thus far, has kept them from taking to the streets again—or in the future, perhaps, will prevent them from exploding in the expected manner. The young man I had been speaking with, like young men everywhere, was not about to admit defeat so easily. Before we parted, he said:

"The Muslims are organized and could take those coppers. But they don't believe in riots—yet!"

On 125th, as I walked alone now among curious adults and gangs of peaceful but restless teen-agers outnumbered by the cops watching every movement on the street, I noticed few people staring at me. Those who did showed me no hostility. Perhaps I was taken for a plain-clothes policeman or a simple-minded nut. But even on side streets, away from the center of Harlem, people said nothing to me, and some even looked at me with interest. Only in the subway station when I was back on 96th Street and heading home did I see and hear something that reminded me of one of the things ghetto riots are really about.

A tough-looking white man holding an ugly wound in his arm was leaning against a wall surrounded by cops.

"Three of 'em tried to rob me!"

"Are you sure it was just a robbery?"

"Yeah—they went right for my wallet."

"Could you give us a description?"

"Are you kiddin'!" The man stared angrily at the policemen: "All them jigaboos look alike!"

Eleven Hours in Chicago

FREDERICK C. STERN
Mr. Stern is a member of the English faculty at the University of Illinois in Chicago.

A diary of eleven hours in Chicago, on the day after the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

7:10 A.M. On the suburban train to Chicago there is not much that is unusual, except that a friend and I, who usually chat, seem to have little to say to each other. I read the paper, as always, Dr. King's face on the front page, and fall asleep, as always. I think, off and on: how shall I handle my classes? Impossible to talk about inductive and deductive reasoning—just impossible.

8:30. No one is on the English Department floor, where I have my office, except a secretary. I sit at my desk, looking through anthologies which might contain some of King's words. The "I have a Dream" speech seems wrong. It would seem almost patronizing to read it now. The "Letter from a Southern Prison" strikes the right note for me. I hope it will work for my students. It is, as was the man, militant, profound, not apologetic for nonviolence but emphasizing the need for justice. He will not blame the robbed for fending off the robbers.

9:00. I read a large portion of the letter to my first class. There are two black students. They sit and listen, impassive. The more than a dozen white students sit and listen, impassive. I invite discussion, point to the brilliance of King's rhetoric. No response. We talk, in the remaining time, about some writing problems. Impossible. I become aware, suddenly, that for the first time since the quarter began two weeks ago, the two black students have chosen seats next to each other. For the first time, also, they are in the last row of the classroom.

10:00. I am back in my office, for my office hour. Two students, white, come in to write make-up themes. One of them writes about the danger of civil war if "the Negroes resort to violence." That white fear will be the bane of the day for me. Not peace with justice—just the cool peace of death.

10:50. On the way to my second class, one of the leading faculty activists calls to me that classes will be suspended from noon on, and that we'll have a memorial service of some sort, don't know what yet.

11:00. Only one of the two black students in this class is here. I read the "Letter from a Southern Prison" again and invite comment. One white girl asks what can she do. She is a moderate; she understands why Dr. King says he is disappointed in the white moderates, but what can she do? I decide to come on strong. I talk of white responsibility for restructuring white society. Some 350 years of oppression; too late for love and friendship; maybe that was possible five years ago. Reverse national priorities: $76 billion for the cities, not $38 billion for the war. The girl keeps saying but what can *I* do? I talk action now. We can counterpicket the white pickets who try to prevent school integration and we will be attacked and vilified. We can take some heat on our own bodies, as King did. We have to straighten out *white* society, our own society. But what can *I* do, she says. I have no more answers. I guess she wants me to tell her to be nice to black people. And yet, I am unfair. Her puzzlement is genuine—and tragic. Another student talks about why the neighborhood where he used to live before *they* took it over is now a jungle. A blond girl, Scandinavian name, answers him. We did it, she says, and we must understand. Another girl: "You can't understand unless you've been discriminated against. I'm Jewish, and we have a beach house and they call us kike there." The comparison's very pallor shows its meaninglessness. And yet,

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she's trying—but the equivalence is so feeble as to belie real understanding, or determination to make changes. I am glad when the bell rings. Had it gone on much longer, we might all have descended to brotherly love, letting the racist society stand.

12:00. The large outdoor amphitheatre is filling rapidly, but almost exclusively with white students. The speech making begins. Love. Don't desecrate his name with violence. We must stand together. More well-intentioned men saying more well-intentioned things, but the wrong things to the wrong people from the wrong mouths. How dare we who are white tell blacks to keep their cool? Even the storm troopers let the women wail. Another faculty activist and I exchange a few words. What can we do, how change or stop this travesty? A third friend comes up, asking if we've seen Mike Royko's column in the *Daily News*. He lays it on the line. We killed him, we are guilty, we bear the blame. Royko at his best. We decide to try to get it read, but how? None of us wants to participate in this service. A black student comes walking along the top edge of the amphitheatre. "Wrong meeting," he shouts, "wrong meeting!" The black students are having their own, black only, meeting at two o'clock. One of the ministers present glances briefly at the Royko column and agrees to read it. We feel a little better, but not much. Suddenly we notice some commotion just outside the stadium. With a burst, one of the white left-wing students runs out of the amphitheatre. He is followed by others. "Come on, we've got no choice," one of them shouts. The three of us head in the same direction.

12:30 P.M. When we get to the Halsted Street side of the campus the crunch is on. Black students, several hundreds, are lined up opposite city riot police. Cops wearing light-blue crash helmets, their billy clubs in their hands, are lined up across the street, blocking the courtyard exit from the school. No one is sure just how they got there. The whites in the black crowd are few, but about 100 yards back, on a second-floor balcony and in the relative safety of the school itself, white faces number in the hundreds. One black kid looks over his shoulder: "Look at 'em, waiting for the fun." His mouth twists: "They sure gonna see some busted ass—theirs." A black girl is working herself up. Natural hair-do, large dangling earrings, high cheek bones, gaunt face. Hysterical and angry. She starts a long scream: "How come they won't even let us have a memorial meeting out here? They can't treat me like shit because I'm a black womaaaan!" The anger is spreading. It is in us all, the cops' very presence an insult to black pride, to white shame. Some are saying, let's go back in; others are saying, hell, no, let's move across. I ask one of my black students if she knows how this got started. Well, she says, we heard there was a memorial over at Roosevelt and we went over there; they only had a squad car here then. When we came back, they were here. A girl in red slacks is shouting: "Where's our white support? Where's our white support? They wouldn't do this if we had some white support!" We three look at the few other faculty people, the small number of white students out there facing it. She's right. Her white support is back there on the balcony—being itself. The word goes out that the cops came on their own, the chancellor didn't call them. He apparently requests that they leave. They do, as suddenly as they appeared. The kids are a little triumphant, but mostly still angry.

1:15. I go to my office for a minute and when I come back out the campus seems dead. A few white kids are hurrying to get out. I hear a big fellow laugh to his girl: "Man, great, we get a half day off." She smiles and rubs her thigh on his as they walk out of the gate, arm in arm.

1:45. Coming out of the subway at Randolph and Dearborn is startling. The Loop is dead. It looks like early Sunday morning. I stop for coffee. A man next to me at the counter tells his neighbor: "They smashed all of Field's windows." "Goddamn savages," is the reply. It's not even true. There was one broken window.

2:00. The buses are running very irregularly. A man next to me, waiting, wearing an engineer's union button on his cap, talks to me. "Yeah," I say, "pretty tight town." "Damn right," he replies, "I should of taken my little .25 along. Them monkeys better not fuck with me." He grimaces: "This ain't no assassination. That's Kennedy and like that, not some goddamn nigger preacher. He wasn't so much." Then, with a confidential hand to the mouth and a chuckle, as if he's about to tell me a dirty joke: "I wouldn't give a damn if they sent 'em all back to Africa." I tell him that "they" have been here a lot longer than most of us, haven't they? "Well, yeah, but you can't civilize 'em. Looka Deeetroit."

2:15. The bus comes and we are separated. As I look out the window, I have a memory, an epiphany. I remember, visually, the streets of Vienna, where I was a kid. July 25, 1934, when Chancellor Dollfuss was killed by a Nazi band. I learned all the facts later. Then I only knew that the city was changed, dominated suddenly by policemen carrying rifles, some of them in steel helmets, no more genial smiles for children. Now it is Chicago, thirty-four years later. The policemen are wearing their light-blue riot helmets. I see open holsters. The troops have been called in. Hurray, America! You have achieved the stage of Europe on the way to the holocaust!

4:00. They're closing the clinic, the little technician who is cleaning my teeth tells me. Perhaps we'd better quit. The subway to the South Side is not running any more. There is panic in the hum of drills, the hurried closing of instrument cases.

4:10. I get on the bus to Michigan and Randolph, so I can get my train home. I'm a little anxious now, not sure the trains are running. Headlines on the afternoon papers: "4,000 Guardsmen to Chicago"; "Shapiro Calls in Guard." Michigan Avenue traffic is almost at a standstill. The dead feeling of two hours ago is passed now, as offices pour out worried whites and a few blacks. Tight-faced women scream at cabs which do not stop for them. Men clutch their attaché cases with white knuckles, shrug harder into well-cut suits. Home, home! The tiger is at the gate! It begins to get to me, as for the first time that day I become a little concerned about my wife, who teaches in an all-black school. I get off the bus two blocks early; it is faster to walk. A tall, drunk, scar-faced black man in

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overalls staggering down the middle of the sidewalk, gets a polite and wide berth. I hurry into the station and call home, and then call a friend, and am told that he is out taking pictures with the National Guard, a break for his photographic career. I wish him luck and think that whitey gets his cut from everything. I am being unfair to him, I know, and I know that this whitey might try to cut himself in, too, given the chance.

5:00. My train is leaving. There is a lot of kidding about not sitting on the side of the train facing the street. We go right through the South Side. I chat politely with the black lady sitting next to me.

5:40. We are through the South Side now, out in whitey country. "Hegwish" the conductor calls. I saw no sign of trouble during the trip, only oddly deserted streets. Even 63rd Street, where there is always action, seemed dead, only two cars on the street. Someone gets on the train with a late edition: "Fires on West Side." Soon I'll be back home, where there seems to have been no trouble, our suburban black Mayor perhaps making the difference. But whitey runs back to whitey's hole, glad to have it. What should I do, go burn a store on Madison Street? Get my head whupped, by cops or kids, on 47th Street? I see train friend of this morning and we nod.

6:10. Home in my white suburb. Chicago's West Side is on fire. Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Washington. On TV the soldiers march, and white men and acceptable black men twist their mouths to counsel peace, cool it. King's killer is still at large, hidden in the bosom of his killing people. My country, 'tis of thee.

NEW UNIVERSITIES CONFERENCE

THE DILEMMAS OF RESISTANCE

NORMAN BIRNBAUM

Mr. Birnbaum, founding editor of the New Left Review *(London) and now professor of sociology at the New School for Social Research (New York), will become professor of sociology at Amherst College next fall. Mr. Birnbaum is the author of* Theory of Industrial Society, *soon to be published by Trinity College Press.*

American universities are a power in the land. The demand for an educated labor force has drawn more than a third of the youth between 18 and 21 into some form of higher education. In a society increasingly dominated by scientific and social technology, the universities are knowledge factories whose "production" of research is indispensable to the economy and the state. The professors are affluent, respected and not infrequently influential. Compared with their opposite numbers in Europe, American universities offer diverse opportunities for those of diverse interests and talents; some, at least, are experimenting with higher education itself. Finally, the expenditure for higher education is rising. The universities' demand may be insatiable, but they cannot complain of public neglect. In the circumstances, it is striking that a pervasive malaise, a sense that a new beginning must be made, has seized a growing segment of the student body, undergraduates and graduate students (or the apprentice professors) and even a large number of the professors.

That malaise accounted, in great part, for the Chicago convocation late in March of a "New Universities Conference." The setting was the commodious, indeed elegant new conference center of the University of Chicago—an academic Hilton, located right on the rim of the nation's worst black ghetto. The contrast heightened the unease of some about their position within the university. Most of the participants were young and extremely serious. Some 350 of us attended from about eighty-five institutions, including a very vocal group of undergraduates who explained that they had come precisely because no one had invited them. The open invitation to the conference had been addressed to professors and graduate students, and the latter comprised by far the largest single bloc. There was a sizable number of junior teachers, but surprisingly few associate or full professors, their absence being the result in part of accidents of publicity and planning. Had more come, the conference might have been different; in the event, those older university teachers who were present found the experience both chastening and exhilarating.

The meeting was organized, essentially, by academic veterans of what has been termed "the movement"—that stream or cluster of radical causes, groups and actions which has been so prominent a feature of American life since the beginning of this decade. Civil rights, work in the Northern ghettos, the campaign against the war and resistance to the draft have activated large numbers of students and teachers. Time passes and many of these students have grown up, or have at least begun to do so. (One professor of economics who spoke at the conference publicly lamented the golden days of his youth —in 1961.) They find themselves appreciably older than the students now active in groups like Students for a Democratic Society. They also sense that, despite "the movement's" greatest academic triumph, the Berkeley revolt of 1964, despite the undercurrent of doubt and experimentation in official American higher education, their immediate university environments remain the same. "The movement," though it is largely composed of teachers and students, has been more effective outside than inside the academy. That was the point of departure of the call to the conference, which declared that the convenors wished to express their radical devotion to a changing American society in their entire lives—and, above all, to end the split between their radical and academic persons. As the course of the conference showed, this was easier said than done.

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Those who organized the conference fell into three uneasily allied groups. There were Chicagoans around Richard Flacks, who teaches sociology at the University of Chicago. Michigan contributed a group of graduate students previously active in the "Radical Education Project," which had issued a steady stream of documents and reports and even convened some conferences, but which had succeeded in educating in radicalism only those who were already so educated. Finally, a New York City group organized by John McDermott included some younger teachers from the metropolitan universities. I'd offered to join that group, but was told that at 42 I might be too old. I was allowed (with Noam Chomsky, Conor Cruise O'Brien, Louis Kampf, Howard Zinn and others) to sign the conference call.

The organizers had neither a clear nor agreed conception of what they wanted. Some wished to consolidate the outside political activities of like-minded university radicals. Others had vague notions of forming a union which would one day make university presidents tremble. The conference itself was divided, principally, between those who wished to use the university as a base for radical activities in the outside world, and those who wished to radicalize the university itself. Not surprisingly, the younger participants were generally found on the former side of the argument, and the older ones (already committed to academic careers) on the latter. These fronts were not entirely solid. The group from the Chicago national headquarters of Students for a Democratic Society, and some SDS leaders from elsewhere, insisted on the importance of the universities and education in the new American society.

The conflict expressed itself at the outset in contrasting keynote speeches by Staughton Lynd and Richard Flacks. Lynd, with impeccable activist credentials, was himself fresh from genteel dismissal at Yale and a rather less genteel case of breach of contract by the State University system in Illinois. He had won the case with the backing of colleagues across the nation, but his rejection of the academy was impassioned. He spoke of his father, one of the great American sociologists of the century, who ended his career at Columbia in isolation and despair of spirit, amid colleagues incapable of joining him in a critical and relevant social science. The younger Lynd concluded that radical professors faced an inescapable contradiction: their radicalism would in the end isolate and injure them in their professional careers, and both their radicalism and their professionalism would suffer. As radicals, they had to learn to regard teaching not as a vocation but as a job like any other. They had to realize that reality lay outside the universities.

Flacks, however, urged that the universities in their present and future social functions offered large opportunities for radical activity, that the activism of the new student generation was directly related to educational experiences, and that university radicalism could develop into a permanent force in American politics. He did not deal with an issue that troubled many—the separation between thought and scholarship and action. At the very end of the conference, Louis Kampf of M.I.T. had some illuminating things to say on this point, not least that critical scholarship and thought are also forms of action, and not unimportant ones. The weight of these dilemmas, real and imagined, lay heavily on the consciences of the participants; indeed, conscience was at times more in evidence at the conference than was anything else.

After the opening, the group dispersed into commissions, workshops and innumerable separate sessions, to reunite two days later for the final controversies (which were precisely the ones on which we opened). The atmosphere was engagingly direct; the younger participants seemed to delight in conveying to the older ones, enmeshed in their professorial status whether they liked it or not, that they were unwitting agents of oppression. Typewriters and duplicating machines worked overtime: critiques, manifestoes, proposals, and even a scheme for a new university were written and distributed on the spot. My impression was that those who called for action, who denounced academicism in the most pejorative fashion, did so in elaborately academic ways. The student who said that the writing (and, of course, reading) of books ought to stop, so that the revolution might commence, was able to cite sources when pressed. Much was made of the fact that Marx never taught at a university, although the debate on whether he had learned anything as a student struck a few of us as excessive.

The themes discussed at the conference included the general position of the universities in society, the intrusion of the familiar "military-industrial complex" (President Eisenhower's outstanding contribution to New Left thought) on the universities, problems of radical research and publication, a possible defensive network for radical teachers in professional jeopardy, and the current structure of the universities. Oddly, questions of this last sort, and about the quality and meaning of the education available in universities, did not receive the attention they merited. After all, millions of young people do undertake, or endure, higher education. The universities, in the current terminology, are agencies of socialization. If their structures are bureaucratic and hierarchical, if despite what liberal and radical professors may teach, their institutions induce conformism, then radicals could do a good deal worse than concentrate on the reform of the universities. If, further, the content and methods of American teaching and scholarship are dictated by social necessities alien to humane purposes, teachers and scholars must begin a radical examination of their own professionalism. These issues have been felt rather acutely by those of us who believe that radicalism begins at home, where society impinges directly on the quality and direction of our work. We were surprised that at the conference many of our students, and some of our colleagues, thought that the universities were beyond redemption, that our presently inactive colleagues are sure to refuse to join any effort at radical reform, and that university radicals have no choice but to abandon the universities to their fate.

The younger conference participants were almost totally ignorant of university tradition. Their ignorance

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is characteristically American; the radicals who are now tearing up the Eastern and Western European universities have different historical perspectives. Our younger students and teachers are so convinced that the universities are doomed that they do not bother to acquire any knowledge of their past. Perhaps I should say that they would have different views if they knew more history—at any rate, that universities sometimes oppose the constituted powers, that the traditions of academic freedom have deep historical roots, that knowledge itself is a potentially libertarian social force; these are assertions which surprised many at the conference.

However limited its vision, the diversity and depth of dissent in the universities as manifested at the conference was impressive: direct political dissent, activity against the war, efforts to resist the impingement of Selective Service and war contracting on the academy, struggles with authoritarian and repressive administrations. It was impressive to see assembled in one place so many student and teacher veterans of such campaigns. What struck me particularly, not least because of its present aimlessness, was the depth of dissatisfaction with the university's structures and educational practices. Here, without always knowing it, the university radicals make common cause with embattled humanists like William Arrowsmith or critical scientists like Eric Ashby. They would no doubt repudiate Arrowsmith as "apolitical" and in the same breath complain that the meaninglessness of academic curricula makes sodden conformists of students who could otherwise be enlisted in some great critical enterprise of the mind. I wonder whether some among the New American Left are American political traditionalists, disdainful of critical reflection, insistent only on action. If so, that would explain the curiously denigrating view of universities and their works held by some of those within them—a leftish parody of a rightish conviction.

In fact, of course, a good deal of the recent wave of student activism is due to education. The offspring of conventional middle-class families were exposed to literary modernism, which turned middle-class convention upside down; to social criticism, and to some teachers who live by values other than those their students had known at home. Many professors in graduate school are indeed uninterested in liberal education (they would not know either liberalism or education should they encounter them), but these are not the men who daily teach undergraduates. Meanwhile, the very debilities of the university have had their own educational effect upon the young. The rhetoric of liberal education, combined with the reality of IBM-style academic administration and contractual research, is pedagogically effective precisely because the students ask when rhetoric can become real.

There are countries like France where university teachers are organized into unions and constitute a political force of some importance in their societies. It may be too late for American university teachers and their graduate student apprentices to follow that example. In France itself, Jacobin radicalism is giving way to technocratic elitism, as Jacobin eloquence is being replaced by the more prosaic cadences of economists and jurists working on state planning. In our own country, too, new elites move in upon the universities. Indeed, statements of educational purpose by figures like Clark Kerr and James Perkins testify to the influence and persuasiveness of the advocates of the post-liberal university. Liberal education is dead and the multiversity has succeeded it. Or has it, quite? A multiversity can work only when those assigned to coglike functions in its machinery refrain from thinking. Thought means trouble. That happened at Berkeley, in episodic if dramatic fashion. The conference may well be the sign that a new university radicalism, this time turned upon the universities themselves, is about to take coherent and national form.

In the end, at Chicago, the adults triumphed. At the final plenary session, a resolution was offered, declaring that only students could change the universities, that nothing could be hoped for from the professors. This provoked a violent counterattack by those of us who were horrified on two counts. We were aghast at a state of affairs in which students could with some plausibility make such charges against their teachers; equally, we were dismayed that the students did not see that we too were tied to the system, that not intractable weaknesses of character make men worry about tenure, but ordinary material concerns of the sort our students would honor in a trade unionist.

In effect, the younger radicals both underestimate and overestimate their teachers. They underestimate the teachers when they think of them as hopelessly bound to routine; they overestimate the teachers because they expect them all to engage in heroic repudiation of routine. What they do not see is that the point is to change the routine. Bert Brecht once said, pity the land that needs heroes. Similarly, a university system that demands constant moral heroism of its teachers is in terrible shape. The universities serve too many masters. University tradition itself has been ignored. The younger radicals polemicize against false conceptions of objectivity when what they ought to criticize is an insufficient objectivity, an unbecoming proximity to the agencies of power.

Finding allies instead among the powerless is not easy, but there are ways in which it can be done. Even the much-maligned Clark Kerr has suggested one of them —the founding in the slums of urban equivalents for the 19th-century land-grant universities. It has been objected that this, too, would ally the universities with power, by extending their capacity to educate for social climbing to selected recruits from the underclass, without changing the conditions which produce the underclass. True, perhaps, but the view that the universities alone must spearhead America's social revolution, if it comes, is dubious in the best of circumstances. What can be asked of the universities is that they keep open unfashionable options, that they educate for an uncertain future instead of training for an exaggeratedly immediate present. The notion of the "production" of manpower, with neat allocations of personnel between elite, subelite, and subordinate sectors of the new educated class,

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has a superficial rationality. Upon examination, it is absurd. Universities geared to the needs of this decade, in itself a monstrous perversion of the notion of contemporaneity, will be obsolete in the next. One of the disturbing features of the conference was that so many young radicals shared the same philosophy of history as, let us say, the directors of the NASA.

A long and wearisome debate on continuing the work of the conference, inevitably, concluded it. (The predictable telegrams of greeting were sent to the dissenting students and teachers of Warsaw and Prague, to the Vietnamese universities and to Howard University.) Electoral procedures unimaginable by any political scientist were devised and as promptly dropped. It was realized in the end that the task of the continuing committee was not to radicalize the universities but to see whether anyone else wished to do so. Some thirty-five persons, from Cambridge to Berkeley with most of the regions between represented, were formed into the committee. An office will be established in Chicago and a newsletter published there, a program will be drawn up in New York. More important, regional and local conferences will be organized.

It is difficult to make specific predictions as to what will follow, but clearly, something has moved. Most important of all, perhaps, the radical teachers found enough self-respect (and, in the face of attack, self-possession) to assert their simple right to exist as adults and as teachers. The organization to be formed will be an organization of teachers and apprentice teachers, and its modes of collaboration and coexistence with student groups will have to be worked out. In other words, the suggestion that we all apply for probationary membership in the student movement was not followed.

There is certainly enough to do. The generalized impulse to criticism, innovation and change which affects the more reflective in America has much to occupy it in the American university. Its structures are bureaucratic, hierarchical or paternalistic. It does not know what to teach or how to teach it. It retreats in absurdly detached academicism or advances compulsively to an exaggerated contemporaneity. It is either totally out of the world or so with it that it cannot find anything critical to say. The scientists do not speak to humanists, the technologists disdain both, the social scientists confront a humanity they are incapable of apprehending. The relationship of teacher to student is entirely disturbed. If we give them what they want, we deny the traditions which (ever so obscurely) sustain us. If we give them what we want, we suffer the guilty conviction that our wants are not really our own, but dictated by senseless professional routines and implacable academic powers. Until we liberate ourselves, we can hardly liberate our students. If we allow them to liberate us, we will not be ourselves. In the circumstances, a truly radical critique of the universities may involve more than radical teachers in action. It may even lead to that most radical of activities—thought.

OHIO: POLITICS AFTER JOHNSON

GENE I. MAEROFF
Mr. Maeroff is assistant city editor of the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Cleveland

Should Ohio's John J. Gilligan be elected to the U. S. Senate, he will have to be excused if he erects within his office a shrine to Lyndon B. Johnson. Gilligan, a longtime foe of LBJ's policy on Vietnam, is not especially fond of the President, but had it not been for Mr. Johnson's by now famous speech, Gilligan's chances of snatching the Democratic nomination from Frank J. Lausche would have been far less than they are today.

The President gave Gilligan the opening he needed to extricate his campaign from the corner into which he had talked it. Just when organized labor, which constitutes Gilligan's staunchest support, was beginning to grumble about his opposition to the war, the Administration softened its position. And at a time when Gilligan's sympathies for Robert F. Kennedy were irking those who thought his allegiance should be to the President, the New York Senator became a forerunner and not an apostate.

All of a sudden, the urbane intellectual who favors disengagement from Vietnam has a fresh lease on his political life. Not that the entire picture has changed. The name of Frank J. Lausche, 72, still is quickly recognized by Ohioans who elected him governor five times before sending him to the Senate. And Gilligan, 47, still is only a six-term Cincinnati councilman and former teacher of modern literature and poetry (at Xavier University), who is campaigning for his first state-wide office.

But Gilligan in the Senate would mean another voice in behalf of dissent. And the President himself has accorded new respect to dissenters. In turn, Gilligan's election would remove from the Senate the man who—along with Thomas Dodd of Connecticut—rose to the defense of Dean Rusk during the recent hearings on Vietnam by the Foreign Relations Committee. "Teamwork" is what Lausche says he wants in this country, with every man, woman and child presenting a united front behind the nation's Vietnamese policy. To follow any other course, Lausche insists, is to serve in the ranks of Ho Chi Minh.

A winner of the Silver Star for gallantry at Okinawa, Gilligan dismisses U.S. military victory in Vietnam as an impossible objective. During his lone term in Congress (he was defeated in 1966 by Robert A. Taft, Jr.), Gilligan was one of those who signed the statement calling for a moratorium on the bombing of the North. "Lausche's simplistic views of foreign policy are frightening," Gilligan said in a private interview for *The Nation*, "but he finds

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that such views go down well at home. In Cleveland's ethnic neighborhoods he still talks about liberating the satellite nations of Eastern Europe. The man is not talking about the real world. This is irresponsible claptrap."

Frank Lausche, chairman of the Senate's subcommittee on Far Eastern Affairs, once flew with the highest of the hawks. But he reaped a harvest of headlines last summer when he declared the United States should stop bombing North Vietnam and a few weeks later urged that the issue of Vietnam be submitted to the United Nations. By the time President Johnson made his announcement of the bombing pause, Lausche had returned to his position opposing any cessation in bombing because of the Tet offensive and the precariousness of U. S. troops in northern outposts. From the start, Gilligan has been against the bombing.

The only reason Lausche has ever favored ceasing the bombing is because he thinks it will give the United States a chance to demonstrate to the world the insincerity of Ho Chi Minh. If Ho refuses to negotiate it will prove that he does not want peace. Furthermore, argues Lausche, it will show the errors of their ways to those Americans who have urged the President to stop the bombing.

As for the UN, Lausche would just as soon let the international body have the responsibility and ensuing headaches of trying to police a difficult situation. Gilligan views it another way. He thinks the escape for the United States is through political negotiations because "the illusion of a military victory being just around the corner is not what we went over there for in the first place." He feels the bombing cessation will be a vital first step in getting North Vietnam and the major powers to believe the United States really seeks peace.

Gilligan wants the United States to define its future role in the Far East. "We had better start marking some limits and reduce the situation to reality, ending our Holy War against communism," he says. "The question this nation must ask itself is whether it intends to be a police force for the world. If we decide that's what we want, it will be expensive. It will mean bringing our boys home in boxes for a long time to come." The Senate has defaulted, Gilligan believes, in its obligation to lay down policy guidelines for Vietnam and all of Asia. With an end to the bombing of the North, he wants a gradual reduction of field operations in the South.

Up until the President's announcement, Lausche had condemned peace demonstrators and called for an end to dissent. He has made a fetish of the idea that Americans must demonstrate a unity of thought on the war. He dismissed the Foreign Relations Committee hearings as a service to the enemy. He wonders how much it would help American morale if Hanoi conducted similar open hearings. Finally, he says "demonstrations by long-haired, dirty-faced, so-called intellectuals" are causing the death and injury of American fighting men in Vietnam.

Before he announced that he would not seek renomination Lyndon Johnson was in dire need of friends. Even so, Lausche's position—which should have been a comfort—led to no evident campaign support from the President. Johnson had been keeping away from the battle and the specter of the Administration was thrust into it only once—to the advantage of Gilligan.

George L. P. Weaver, an assistant U. S. Secretary of Labor, was quoted by the Associated Press as saying in Columbus recently: "Lausche is the man you imposed on us [the Administration]. I feel I can say the Administration will do anything it can to help Gilligan win the Democratic nomination in the May 7 primary." In a fluster of embarrassment, Weaver insisted the next day that he had been misquoted and the Administration quickly asserted its neutrality. Gilligan says he has not sought support from the Administration and does not expect to receive any. As matters have developed, Lyndon Johnson now has much larger concerns than getting embroiled in a primary election in Ohio.

Any move by the Democratic forces to oust Lausche would be understandable, however, in light of the Senator's conservative voting record, a constant exacerbation to Democratic officials. Only the Southerners have exceeded Lausche in their readiness to break with the party line. Most recently, the Ohio Senator was the co-sponsor with Strom Thurmond of the anti-riot amendment to the civil rights bill. Gilligan, in contrast, is a solid liberal who can be counted on—as he proved in the 89th Congress—to support party measures in behalf of health, welfare, education, civil rights and cities. He was so loyal, in fact, that his detractors accuse him of being a rubber stamp.

Had Johnson not withdrawn from the Presidential race, there is a chance he might eventually have given his endorsement in the primary to Lausche. The Senator, after all, was his unabashed backer and Gilligan was not. But now Lausche has been robbed of that possible advantage. So far as Kennedy is concerned, Lausche thinks he was biding his candidacy for the proper time and that he and Eugene J. McCarthy intended to work in tandem to "batter" the President throughout the primaries. Lausche will not be a delegate to the Democratic convention, but his early response to LBJ's withdrawal was the wish that Johnson might change his mind or be drafted.

Gilligan, though, applauded Kennedy's entry into the race. He saw the move as a challenge to Johnson that bore much the same legitimacy as his own candidacy against Lausche. Gilligan says he considers it unhealthy for a party not to have the issues thrashed out in public. For that reason, he wishes that Nelson Rockefeller had maintained active opposition to Richard M. Nixon. Regardless of whether Gilligan actually comes out and endorses Kennedy, he has already done so by implication. He says he shares Kennedy's concern about the problems confronting America; he agrees with Kennedy's order of priorities, and he approved of Kennedy's decision to go over Johnson's head and take the issues to the people.

Pursuing the argument, Gilligan maintains that voters asked to select between Lausche and a Republican (this year it will be Ohio Attorney General William Saxbe) would be denied a meaningful choice. Ohio's Democratic State Executive Committee accepted this reasoning and, in an unprecedented move against an incumbent, en-

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dorsed Gilligan even before he had officially announced his candidacy. Delegates from almost every urban area in Ohio backed him; opposition to the endorsement came from the rural areas.

Organized labor, too, came out early for Gilligan, Ohio's AFL-CIO endorsing a candidate in a primary election for the first time. Labor promised at least $100,000 for voter education and registration drives. Before Johnson's withdrawal there were rumors that labor was becoming disenchanted with Gilligan and that the funds might begin to run dry. But now that Gilligan's feelings on the war and Kennedy have become more of an asset, he has much less reason to fear a slash in funds.

Lausche says the labor bosses have opposed him during his entire career and it was no surprise to him that labor's backing should go to his opponent. He even refused to attend a session at which the labor leaders were going to listen to his views before making up their minds. Lausche said they had already decided their course and the meeting was a sham. Actually, labor broke with Lausche in 1958 when he endorsed Ohio's ill-fated right-to-work law. Labor has never forgiven him and he showed no contrition when a year later he backed legislation to bar unions from picketing. Gilligan in 1958 accepted the chairmanship of the Southwestern Ohio drive to defeat right to work. He has frequently reaffirmed his belief in the need for unions and he has accused Lausche of betraying the workingman in favor of big business.

It appeared for a time that Gilligan was going to have to pay for his marriage with labor, by guarding his words in public. Now, however, Ohio AFL-CIO leaders who like Johnson and dislike soft talk on Vietnam may no longer be able to exact accommodation from Gilligan. Though his private views all along have made him a peace candidate, he has not been able to achieve the McCarthy-esque aura that might have brought out Ohio's huge college population. As a result, straight-haired coeds have not appeared in droves to lick his envelopes and young men in sneakers have not been pressing doorbells in his behalf. With the change in Vietnam and in the Presidential race it has become easier for Gilligan to tell his fellow Ohioans that "we have to have the stomach to see something happen we may not like—even if it means a few nations going down the pike in the other direction."

But Lyndon Johnson or no Lyndon Johnson, how do you tell this to some first-generation Slovak or Hungarian on Cleveland's Southeast Side? Frank Lausche does not. He says he does not understand "the wisdom of draft card burners and peace demonstrators." He says that "anyone who calls patriotism old-fashioned might as well say that courage and work and service are old-fashioned." He asks "how long a nation can endure if its leading citizens unjustly and falsely condemn that nation as being the perpetrator of wrongs."

Even if every Ohioan were suddenly to turn hawkish, if organized labor were willing to bury the hatchet in the cause of victory in Vietnam, Lausche would still have a problem. The state's large Negro vote may turn against him. Last fall, when Carl B. Stokes ran in the primaries against Ralph S. Locher for mayor of Cleveland, Lausche let it be known that he favored the incumbent over the challenger. That was perhaps understandable enough, for Locher was Lausche's political heir in Cleveland, but when Stokes took the primary, Lausche lost the power of speech for the balance of the campaign, never once giving his blessing to the Negro Democrat who was running against Republican Seth C. Taft.

Stokes has not forgotten and neither have his backers. A large Gilligan advertisement had prominent place in a recent issue of the *Call-Post,* Ohio's largest weekly Negro newspaper. Directly above it, in the news columns, was an article that in its lead identified Lausche as "the man who has voted against every major step forward in civil rights legislation. . . ." Many Negro pastors in Cleveland have banded into a Clergy Citizens Committee for Gilligan. The co-chairman is the minister of Carl Stokes's church and the secretary is Stokes's assistant city law director.

Negroes are coming of age politically and the city itself as a unit of government is increasingly unwilling to continue to play poor relative to rural interests. If these attitudes are translated into votes, Gilligan will be the beneficiary. Even when the war is over in Vietnam, Gilligan does not foresee an immediate end to urban woes. He expects parsimonious Congressmen to find "other excuses" for failing to pump dollars into the cities. Gilligan is a champion of mass transit and as a Congressman supported creation of the Department of Housing and Urban Development.

Lausche, though a former mayor of Cleveland, has somehow taken on the rural attitude toward urban legislation. He broke with his party last year to try to cut in half the $40 million rent supplements bill. He offered an unsuccessful amendment to hold down the spending over the three-year funding period for education expenditures. He voted against model cities legislation and went along with the War on Poverty only after trying to reduce some segments of it. However, he supported legislation to curb pollution and voted for the anti-rat program.

But, somehow, the voters in Cleveland, Toledo, Columbus, Cincinnati and Ohio's other big cities have either not heard about Lausche's voting record or have been willing to overlook it. To many Ohioans, Frank Lausche is still the made-it-himself man—one of ten children of Slovenian immigrants who played the violin and toyed with a professional baseball career before becoming the white-haired Senator who crosses syntax with statesmen. He is the indomitable maverick who always seems to have everyone against him—except the people.

That, then, is what Gilligan faces. Charm will go only so far with western Ohio farmers; wit carries just so much authority with Akron tire builders. Ohio's Democratic organization has yearned for years to dump Lausche but could not muster the guts or the candidate. Now, Gilligan who should be the underdog is finding that Lausche has appropriated that role and is seeking the sympathy vote. Lausche bemoans the labor bosses who have rejected him and the party chiefs who have turned on him. When the votes are counted the night of May 7, Ohio's Democrats may find they will have to fall back into line behind Lausche for another six years.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Legitimacy of Black Revolution

THE RIGHT OF REVOLUTION. *By Truman Nelson. Beacon Press. 148 pp. $4.95. Paper $1.75.*

JULIAN MAYFIELD
Mr. Mayfield is a novelist and journalist who worked as an aide to President Nkrumah in Ghana after his active support of the Robert F. Williams self-defense movement in Monroe, N.C. Presently a Junior Fellow of The Society for the Humanities at Cornell University where he conducts a seminar in race relations, he will join the faculty of the Schweitzer Program in the Humanities in September, 1968, at New York University.

The articles presented in this section were written before the assassination of Martin Luther King. The lesson of his life and his death might be seen as an offering to all Americans to struggle together to repair the nation's wrongs against the black community, toward which end discussion of all aspects of the question can only be a service. *Editors*

I find it hard as hell to talk to any white American nowadays. It isn't just because of the fashionable hate-whitey posture, for which there is more than enough justification. Moreover my travels have carried me far afield, and I manage to keep up a lively dialogue with several Europeans and even a friendship or two. Among the latter is an Englishman whose family fortune is based in South Africa and the Portuguese colonies. He told me recently that he and his forebears had made a very good living by exploiting my African cousins, and that he intended to go on exploiting them until they got enough brains and organization and hardware to shoot him out, at which point he intended to make as graceful an exit as possible.

My English friend understands that all his privileges and prerogatives, his "culture" and "civilization" and "education" are sustained by an infra-structure of force and violence which to survive must keep down a black revolution in Africa. Being a certain kind of Englishman, he is not concerned with being liked or loved or even understood by other Englishmen, much less Africans. He would not be caught dead with the tag "humanitarian" or "liberal," but he has enough sense of history to have taught his children that when the revolution comes they should either split the scene (get out) or use their guns against their fellow whites, not *for* the blacks, but in their own self-interest.

Now, this simple reality, so clearly understood by an English reactionary, seems to elude the best of white Americans, and that is why it is such a pain to talk to most of them. From comfortable suburbia, they cannot begin to grasp the revolutionary conclusion arrived at daily by more and more young black men and women in the inner colonies just a few miles away. Why is this, for some of these middle-aged whites were once committed to liberal ideals, and some of them were even red radicals? Certainly a large part of the answer is that it is not 1933 again, the economy is not in a state of near collapse, 17 million men are not looking for work, white men are not selling apples on the street corner and veterans are not threatening to march on Washington. The national sickness is not now everywhere in evidence as it was then: therefore the national will of the richest nation the world has ever known will not be mobilized to make war on the national sickness. To most whites it is only *they, those people, the blacks,* who admittedly have justified grievances, who are causing the trouble, and they are in a minority. So when blacks take up arms to bring about a violent shift in the control of power in an otherwise orderly and prosperous society, they are not only nuts but suicidal. Suddenly, liberal white suburbia becomes terribly aware of its whiteness, and ponders which way it will point its rifle in the inevitable racial war. "What shall we do?" the liberals ask the few black friends they have left, and those black friends can't answer because *they* don't know which way *they* shall point *their* guns.

Enter here the unwelcome intrusion of the New England historian-novelist Truman Nelson. In his lucid writing and analysis of our present condition, he comes through with a simple answer which, paraphrased, is loud and clear: "You take sides with the revolution, not only because it is manifestly justified, not only because the black revolution is the natural outgrowth of the deepest traditions of your own revolution but out of your own self-interest, for as much as we hate violence, we hate more the accumulated wrongs and injustices against black Americans, and the sooner we right those wrongs, even if it takes a revolution to do it, the happier and healthier the nation will be."

I say that Nelson's intrusion into the discussion is unwelcome because he succeeds in making nearly everybody uncomfortable. He was a genuine friend of Malcolm X and has a steady rapport with Robert F. Williams, but, not knowing this, the young black militants can't quite tune in on him because he is white, but does not fit into any neat little white mold, being neither a conscience-stricken liberal, a reformer, nor a leather-brained orthodoxist.

The whites have even more difficulty with Nelson: the color of his skin and his Yankee twang identify him as one of their own, but they can't quite place him. For one thing, he is a damned nuisance. He never ceases to remind them that the nation (at least the New England part of it) was founded by loud, uncouth men audacious enough to question laws they had not made and a government in which they had no voice; raucous men who took for granted their right to take pot shots at Englishmen in red uniforms who represented authority which did not serve their needs, and for which they no longer had respect. He reminds them that respectable clergymen lent money and arms to John Brown to ride into Kansas where he shot down pro-slavery law enforcement officers and other duly elected officials, and then gave him a good dinner when he got safely back to New England. Truman Nelson is that bearded pest in our midst who reminds us that there was a time, not so long ago, when men put morality and principle above the law of the land, and that these men were the best minds in the land—Thoreau and Garrison, Theodore Parker and Frederick Douglass.

White Americans do not like to be reminded of their revolution and the spirit which motivated the abolitionists. It is enough to drill their young children in catechisms about George Washington, Paul Revere, and teach them a Longfellow poem or two. The business of the United States today is to put down revolution everywhere in the world. (Dean Rusk, in his recent, reluctant appearance before the Senate, made this clear, although he did not elucidate anything else.

But any talk of revolution at home is intolerable, and even some tired liberals are prepared to join with the Establishment by putting it down with modern weapons of destruction. They aren't as

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honest as my English friend or the idolized William Faulkner who declared that in a crisis he would defy the federal government and shoot down black people in the street. No, with one hand they attempt to water down the fires of rebellion in the ghetto because they deplore violence and really don't want to see a lot of blacks killed (they are terribly concerned with our welfare), while with the other hand they grasp their foreheads and prepare to act out the logic of their whiteness in the awful event of a racial confrontation.

In his new book, *The Right of Revolution,* Truman Nelson points out what every black revolutionary already knows: that the war is already raging, and that it is not of the black man's making. "There is an irrational tyranny in the land," he begins. "From our very beginning we have been carrying on a war of violence and suppression against the black people we brought here. . . . This war is still going on against them, carried on day by day by our special repressive forces organized as 'law enforcement agencies' or 'riot police' or 'tactical patrol forces.' We have so many of these in the black communities that when its citizens make contact with the State, with *us,* it is always under the watchful eyes, or the flailing clubs, of police. They occupy the black ghettoes like white mercenaries in a country under colonial oppression."

This is not particularly original; nearly everybody in or near the white power structure, from LBJ to HHH to RFK, has been told this by his investigators. What is refreshing is that Nelson does not shrink from pointing out the obvious consequences of the state of war waged against the black communities. Not for Nelson the liberal dodges: *We must do something about this. More civil rights bills. More money to the ghettos. More self-help programs.* What is required, argues Nelson, is that some white men recognize that black men, having sought freedom through U.S. institutions for 200 years and failed, have the right to revolution; that, in the language of the Declaration of Independence, "to secure these rights (Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness) whenever any form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness."

The Right of Revolution is not a long book filled with a reasoned, documented, objective analysis of the causes of our second Civil War. It is behind the cloak of academic objectivity that white America has been able to hide its racism for so long. Inevitably this "objective" method has always left the white reader (and not a few blacks) with the conclusion that there must be "something wrong with *them*, the blacks, that they have allowed themselves to sink into such degradation. After all, *we* made it up the ladder."

Nelson's book is a passionate defense and exposition of the right of black men to attempt by all possible means to change the basic institutions which oppress and degrade them. It is a virile work by a learned historian so steeped in American revolutionary traditions and practice that he does not need academic bric-a-brac to support his thesis.

At every speaking engagement those of us who defend the black man's right to revolution are reminded, by white and black liberals, that black men only constitute a tenth of the population and that we are asking for certain annihilation. The white revolutionary is in double trouble because the young black militant always points out that, "I'm sorry, man, but when the shooting comes, I won't be able to distinguish you from anybody else, so what is your position going to be," while the whites in the audience charge him with being a provocateur with suspect motives. (After all, he is white, over 30 and never had it so good.) Nelson's reply in *The Right of Revolution* calls attention to the fact that you cannot live in a thoroughly diseased community without becoming infected yourself, no matter how antiseptic your surroundings:

> . . . I am sick at heart . . . that the whole testament of libertarian ideas and promises I was told to live by and defend with my life has been a pious fraud. I look upon our gross corruption of the rights of man, the ground rules that are supposed to order my daily existence here, and know that to accept this corruption is committing a sin against my own senses, against the light that is in me. If I accept, without daily rising anger, the present, past and future disparities in the human condition, I realize I am committing the greatest of sins, that of hypocrisy, which blinds a man to his own failings and gives him a false idea of his position and purpose in the world.

The language is passionate, for that is Truman Nelson the New Englander, attempting to live by the *best* moral precepts of his ancestors (he knows they were far from angels and some of their precepts were deplorable) but I submit that this is not the sickly moralizing of the liberal who already knows in his heart where he will stand when the stuff hits the fan. For one thing, Nelson does not protest that he is worried about the fate of black Americans. He has enough respect for us to believe that we are no

Eldridge Cleaver, 32, spent nine years in California prisons for crimes of violence. He started to write in prison, became an editor of *Ramparts* magazine and, after his release, recently published *Soul on Ice,* a collection of essays of personal experience and social and literary criticism. He also became minister of information for the Black Panther party. According to a report in *The New York Times* of April 8, Cleaver had been wounded and arrested on April 7, and his parole revoked in a violent encounter between the police and a Black Panther group in West Oakland, Calif. *Ramparts* and Frank E. Taylor, Cleaver's editor at McGraw-Hill, made separate appeals to the California and federal authorities for the protection of the writer. Similar appeals were signed by Susan Sontag, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Warren Hinckle III and Christopher Lehmann-Haupt.

Following is a quote from *Soul on Ice* by Eldridge Cleaver:

> The young whites know that the colored people of the world, Afro-Americans included, do not seek revenge for their suffering. They seek the same things the white rebel wants: an end to war and exploitation. Black and white, the young rebels are free people, free in a way that Americans have never been before in the history of their country. And they are outraged.
>
> There is in America today a generation of white youth that is truly worthy of a black man's respect, and this is a rare event in the foul annals of American history. From the beginning of the contact between blacks and whites, there has been very little reason for a black man to respect a white, with such exceptions as John Brown and others lesser known. But respect commands itself and it can neither be given nor withheld when it is due. If a man like Malcolm X could change and repudiate racism, if I myself and other former Muslims can change, if young whites can change, then there is hope for America . . . . The sins of the fathers are visited upon the heads of the children—but only if the children continue in the evil deeds of the fathers.

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more or less suicidal than any other people, and that we are students enough of recent European history to realize that passivity will not stay the hand of the executioner. Rather he knows that *we* know that we must make it so costly and dangerous for the executioner that he will be forced to think of alternative final solutions.

Nelson is concerned with the state of his own salvation and that of the larger North American community. He knows that some thinking white Americans must recognize in their own traditions the legitimacy of black revolution, and act on that recognition, or nothing that is worth saving in this civilization will survive. There is no real similarity between Nelson and my English reactionary friend mentioned earlier. For one thing Nelson is neither cynical nor rich —he is in fact by our material considerations a poor white, despite his many accomplishments. Being twice over 30 he ought to have given up this revolutionary business long ago and found a comfortable little niche for himself somewhere. Instead, he has produced books like *The Sin of the Prophet, The Passion of the Brook* and *Torture of Mothers* (the last a damning exposure of the real causes of the Harlem rebellion of 1964).

I first heard of Truman Nelson in 1962 when he wrote a brilliant introductory essay to *Negroes With Guns* by Robert F. Williams, the black leader who had been driven into exile as a result of his militant defense of the black community in the riots of August, 1961, in Monroe, N.C. We who were there did not fully realize it then, but our real objective was to take power from the racist government of Union County. In his essay, Nelson quoted Dr. Martin Luther King's famous paraphrase from Gandhi: "We will match your capacity to endure suffering with our capacity to endure suffering. We will meet physical force with soul force."

Nelson was outraged, for he understood that Williams had been acting in the best tradition of John Brown and the white and black abolitionists who followed him to the attack on Harper's Ferry, there to be vilified and hanged. Wrote Nelson: "No, I say, an everlasting No! to this. Two hundred years of appeal by accumulative suffering to the hearts of racists is enough, enough, enough! The American Negro is not a downtrodden Hindu, a palpitating mass of ingrained and inborn submission to being put in his place, a citizen of a land so impoverished and barren that a lifetime of abject starvation is the common lot, a land where living is so hard that men want a God so they can hate him.

"The American Negro is a citizen in a rich land, with a citizen's rights and duty to resist; *resist* all attempts to deprive him of its manifold blessings. Why should he be urged to go through this Hinduizing to regain the rights he already had in 1776? He was here then, you know, and he fought alongside the rest of us out of the same revolutionary morality, for the same revolutionary rights now re-emphasized in the Fourteenth Amendment."

If I were a white man I would search out the works of Truman Nelson and try to digest them carefully; and, if I could find my children who despise me for the lie I have been living, I would urge his spirit upon them in an attempt to prove to them that there was one white American left, over 30, who had not dropped out of our libertarian ideals. But, of course, I am not white, and I can no longer be sure how you people think or what you will do. All I do know is that Nelson is one of the few white historians I would want *my* kids to read.

Truth & Nat Turner: An Exchange

The October 16, 1967 issue of *The Nation* presented two views of William Styron's novel, *The Confessions of Nat Turner*: a review by Shaun O'Connell and a note on the historical accuracy of the work by Herbert Aptheker. The essay by Mr. Aptheker touched off a continuing controversy, to which both Mr. Aptheker and Mr. Styron address themselves in the letters which follow.

HERBERT APTHEKER

Mr. Aptheker is the director of the American Institute for Marxist Studies and a member of the National Committee of the U.S. Communist Party. He is the author of American Negro Slave Revolts (*International*), A Documentary History of the Negro People (*Citadel*) *and* Nat Turner's Slave Rebellion (*Humanities Press*).

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Questioned concerning the historicity of his novel, *The Confessions of Nat Turner*, William Styron has offered several substantive replies and has encased these in *ad hominem* attacks upon me.

According to *The New York Times*, Mr. Styron, in speaking of my writings, said that they do not "convince me or any other responsible historian," and that "neither I nor anyone else in the field of history has any respect" for Aptheker. Mr. Styron added that in criticizing the novel, "Aptheker is grinding his ideological ax."

The attacks upon my person and my professional reputation constituted, I was told by an attorney, libel on their face; but, this attorney added, Communists in the United States cannot realistically hope for success in libel prosecutions. Perhaps Mr. Styron—or his attorneys—know this and possibly his boldness is thus explained. Rather strenuous efforts on my part to get *The New York Times* to print a reply from me have all failed.

I must note that it is news that Mr. Styron is a historian; it is sensational news that he now may speak for the historical profession.

Mr. Styron replied to some of the substantive points made concerning the distortions in his novel in *The New York Times* stories of February 1 and 11. Among other statements, the reader was told that (1) Styron "had failed to mention that Turner had had a wife [because] this was lacking in contemporary evidence and that, in any case 'marriage during slavery was a travesty.'" (2) He had shown Turner as being taught to read and write by a benevolent white master rather than by Negroes because " 'this was an option on my part,' lacking any other indications." (3) "To a contention by Herbert Aptheker, the American Communist historian, that the use of Negroes to help crush the Turner rebellion was 'inconceivable,' Mr. Styron cited the analogy of some convicts' refusing to join in prison riots."

William Styron states that he knew the reference to Turner's wife which appears in an 1861 essay by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, "but I really can't accept a word-of-mouth reference put down thirty years after the fact." But, of course, Mr. Styron put down a contrary view, 136 years after the fact! Furthermore, Mr. Styron did not do all his homework, or he would have discovered the article, "The Family of Nat Turner," by a member thereof, Mrs. Lucy Mae Turner, appearing in the *Negro History Bulletin* for March, 1955. This is a detailed description of Turner's wife and two children, all separately sold off after the revolt. It contains photographs of Turner's son and daughter-in-law and *their* child. Nat Turner's son, Gilbert, became a well-known and respected artisan of Zanesville, Ohio, and died there about a decade before the birth of Styron.

As to having a benevolent white master teach Nat Turner to read and write, it is germane here to note that Mr. Styron, in the *Times* account (of February 11) is quoted as making a point that the authen-

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ticity of Turner's "Confessions" of 1831 was not questioned. I found one of the few extant copies of this original "Confessions" back in 1935 in Richmond; I affirmed and briefly argued its authenticity in a work completed in 1936. The "Confessions"—in full and verbatim—together with the defense of its authenticity, appear in my book, *Nat Turner's Slave Rebellion,* published eighteen months before Mr. Styron's work.

It is necessary to point to the authenticity of the "Confessions" because in it the court-appointed interrogator of Turner specifically states, of Turner's ability to read and write: *"It was taught him by his parents"* (p. 147 of my book, italics added). Thus, Styron certainly had opposite "indications" but chose the "option" which he did choose and made of this a significant aspect of his work.

Concerning the use of armed black slaves by the masters in Virginia in 1831 to crush Turner's rebellion, I did say that this was inconceivable and hold to that word. But the main thing I said was that it was untrue and that, furthermore, never in the history of slavery in the United States were black slaves armed by their masters for slave-suppressing duties. One who reads Styron's novel and sees the pages devoted to detailed description of black fighting black and recalls that it is this "fact" that finally, in the novel, breaks Turner (but historically the data show he never was morally broken) will understand the full dimensions of this perversion of reality.

Mr. Styron, not being able to deny that, contrary to his novel, blacks did not suppress blacks in the Turner revolt, concentrates on my opinion that this was inconceivable. He offers the analogy of convicts who refrain from participating in prison riots. But, of course, plantations were not penitentiaries—nor were they concentration camps, to use the simile of Styron's mentor, Prof. Stanley Elkins—and slaves were not convicts. Further, of course, not participating is much different from being given the physical means and then actually suppressing.

I have hitherto not felt free to quote from letters written to me by Mr. Styron; his libelous attacks, however, remove such restraints on my part. It may be interesting for others to learn that Styron wrote me—quite out of the blue—on March 9, 1961, saying that he had been reading my *American Negro Slave Revolts* and found it "an admirable book." He added: "I have made much use of it in laying the ground-work for a new novel I am writing, based on Nat Turner's revolt." Then he asked to see the manuscript copy of my earlier study of Turner's rebellion.

Five days later I mailed that manuscript to Mr. Styron; he acknowledged its receipt on March 18. On March 27, he had finished with it and mailed the manuscript back with a 500-word letter, saying: "I found it a most persuasive and meaningful work, and I think it will prove to be of great value in terms of my own rendition of the man and the insurrection." Mr. Styron continued: "It was a tremendous drama in our history, with great repercussions, and so far as I know you are the only one who has fully analyzed the event with respect to its ultimate effect upon the South and, for that matter, the happenings of the following thirty years."

After describing some of his experiences and feelings while at the scene of the insurrection, Mr. Styron concluded by saying that he was sure my work "will be of great value to me, and I am grateful to you for allowing me to read it."

From these statements and evaluations in 1961 to those of the author of a best-seller today there is a considerable gap. Perhaps the fulsomeness of 1961 is as strained as the denunciations of 1968. At any rate, the reader has both before him; maybe even Mr. Styron can no longer explain them.

William Styron Replies

WILLIAM STYRON
Mr. Styron is the author of Lie Down in Darkness *(Modern Library),* The Long March *(Vintage),* Set This House on Fire *and* The Confessions of Nat Turner *(both Random House).*

Roxbury, Conn.

DEAR SIRS: Since I don't believe that history, once interpreted, remains impervious to new insights or that I should not be able to accept the wisdom which often evolves from a new understanding of the past, I think that I can explain the "fulsomeness" of 1961 and the "denunciations" of 1968 with little strain at all. We all have letters in our dusty files. I have been told that it is unlawful to quote from them in print without first obtaining the writer's permission, as Mr. Aptheker has failed to do with mine, so I won't follow suit; however, a letter was written to me in 1964 by Mr. Aptheker himself, who sought to solicit my favor in allowing him to use lines from the letter he has just quoted as part of the publicity which was to accompany the publication of his book on Nat Turner. Mr. Aptheker seems to have as good a nose as any bourgeois writer for the opportune plug. At any rate, I refused—I think politely—not because I am adverse to helping a fellow writer along, nor because I did not believe that some of the praise I had set down in my correspondence did not hold true (*some* of it still does today) but because the fulsomeness which Mr. Aptheker attributes to me was indeed fulsome, especially in the light of the fact that after several years, most of his historical insights no longer appeared to me valid. Exciting new investigations into the nature and effect of American slavery had become available to me, and were persuasive, and I had reread what scanty material existed on Nat Turner's revolt.

While it was true that, in regard to Mr. Aptheker's book on slave revolts, I had "made much use of it in laying the groundwork for a new novel" (for "much" read "some" though I might add that his chapter on Nat Turner is, generally speaking, a very competent job and can be read today as a primer on the revolt), I felt no longer that the entire work was "an admirable book"; I saw it to be, rather, tendentious, stonily ideological and filled with "evidence" about the prevalence of slave rebelliousness which now appeared to be dubious in the extreme. As for the other book—the thesis on Nat Turner, which I had read in manuscript— I remembered little about it; but three years after reading it and after having absorbed the work of historians keener and wiser than Mr. Aptheker, I could hardly say to him that what I wrote in a letter in 1961 now struck me as wildly ridiculous without perhaps bruising Mr. Aptheker's feelings. It is a tribute to the soundness of the law regarding the unauthorized publication of letters that it was designed with the knowledge that personal correspondence as such, being an intimate affair even among strangers, may flatter or please or enrage but it is almost never objective testimony to human feelings and their sovereign changeableness and hence comprises unworthy evidence.

Now then, to the more important point of "denunciations." Mr. Aptheker seems to forget that the question of the "historicity" of my book first began in a *Nation* review [Oct. 16, 1967] by Mr. Aptheker himself—an attack which I didn't feel was necessarily *ad hominem* but was certainly based on matters substantive. At any rate, I regret that some of the statements I made in a telephone interview with *The New York Times* came out the way they did in print. For one thing, I did not refer to myself as a "historian" but as a student of history, and I feel myself as qualified to use that phrase as Mr. Aptheker.

I have also long been aware of the fact that Communists, as Mr. Aptheker

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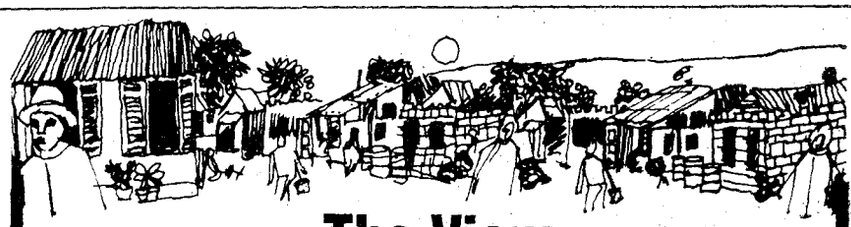
points out, cannot realistically hope for success in libel actions, and I find this deplorable; for Mr. Aptheker to imply that I knowingly took advantage of such a situation in order to besmirch his reputation is as underhanded a slander as the one he imputes to me. Anyone who has been concerned with Negro history knows that Mr. Aptheker was making pioneer efforts in the field when few other scholars bothered to concern themselves with this important and difficult subject, and he should receive due credit for his early endeavor. I may or may not have said in my interview with the *Times* that "neither I nor anyone else in the field of history has any respect" for Aptheker, I do not think I did, but if that is the case I owe him an apology. What I would say now without fear of libel is that Mr. Aptheker's rigorously doctrinaire and simplistic notions about the nature of Negro slavery have since rendered his theories suspect in the eyes of practically all of the reputable scholars presently working in the field.

In writing *The Confessions of Nat Turner* I at no time pretended that my narrative was an exact transcription of historical events; had perfect accuracy been my aim I would have written a work of history rather than a novel, one of the advantages of which is its ability to allow a certain free play to the imagination. I stated all this in a preface to the book, and also clearly implied that not only were there some places where the dictates of art caused me to depart from the actuality (such as it can be tenuously known) but large areas where all was quite frankly pure invention. Mr. Aptheker's somber insistence that each departure from "fact" (and how little we know about facts!) represents a sinister distortion on my part has had the sad effect of leading a few of the gullible and naive to construe the book as a "racist" tract. This is too bad, because the book is neither racist nor a tract but a *novel*, an essay of the imagination where the necessities of always questionable "fact" often become subsumed into a larger truth.

The greatest Marxist literary critic, Georg Lukacs, has written in *The Historical Novel*: "The deeper and more genuinely historical a writer's knowledge of the period, the more freely will he be able to move about inside his subject and the less tied he will feel to individual historical data. . . . Every really original writer who portrays a new outlook upon a certain field has to contend with the prejudices of his readers. The image which the public has of any familiar historical figure need not necessarily be a false one. Indeed, with the growth of a real historical sense and of real historical knowledge it becomes more and more accurate. But even this correct image may in certain circumstances be a hindrance to the writer who wishes to reproduce the spirit of an age faithfully and authentically. It would require a particularly happy accident for all the well-known and attested actions of a familiar historical figure to correspond to the purposes of literature." The truth of this statement is even more compelling when applied not to a Bonaparte or a Cardinal Richelieu or a John Brown, who left in their wake a litter of documents to encumber the creative imagination, but to a Nat Turner, who bequeathed only his fragmentary, enigmatic "Confessions," taken down in a backwoods jail cell by a white man whose own reliability as an amanuensis must be questioned.

As for the matter of Nat Turner's wife, I find it odd that a scholar who professes to the scrupulosity that Mr. Aptheker does, should accept either Higginson's testimony thirty years later or an article written a full century and a quarter after the event by a "descendant." I did do my homework on this question, since it was Mr. Aptheker himself who sent me the essay in the *Negro History Bulletin*, but I was not convinced by the evidence; it seemed to me as lacking in substance as those queer screeds in genealogical journals which purport to prove that the writer was descended from the bastard offspring of Ulysses S. Grant. Do we have to accept the authenticity of something merely because it has attained the sanctity of print?

There is not a shred of contemporary



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evidence—not a hint, not a single statement either in the original "Confessions" or in the few newspaper accounts—to show that Nat Turner had a wife; putting Lukacs' flexible theory aside, I might have given the fictional Nat a wife had she been mentioned even fleetingly in the original sources, but no such figure existed. She remains to me as illusory and as insubstantial as those dozens of "great-grandchildren" of Nat who, since the publication of *The Confessions of Nat Turner,* have written to me from all parts of the country, each of them claiming proof of kin. Had Nat Turner been able to spawn so many descendants he would have had no time for an insurrection, though surely he would have gained renown as the most philoprogenitive American in history.

Mr. Aptheker completely misread the account in *The New York Times* concerning the statement I made about the authenticity of the original "Confessions." I have never questioned their authenticity, whatever semantic emphasis is placed on that word; I am convinced that a white lawyer named Thomas Gray visited Nat Turner in his jail cell a few days before the trial and execution, and after some hours of interrogation wrote the 5,000-word document which both Mr. Aptheker and I have been able to examine. What I do question—and what apparently Mr. Aptheker takes as gospel truth, revealing more faith in the probity of a Southern white lawyer than I do—is the *accuracy* of the "Confessions," the overall fidelity to the circumstances of Nat's life and career which Gray maintained during the course of what must have been, considering the hysteria of the moment, an exceedingly difficult and prickly interview.

The entire pedantic, impossibly elevated and formal tone of the "Confessions" makes me believe that they were *not* recorded with "little or no variation" from Nat's words, as Gray states in his prologue; and so how much during that tense encounter was subtly bent and twisted by the interrogator? Gray was a man of his time, a Southern racist, and as a functionary of the Commonwealth it may well have been to his advantage (and in spite of his disclaimer to the contrary) to distort many things that the helpless prisoner told him, to add things, to leave things out.

None of the many angry critics who have attacked my *Nat Turner* on "racist" grounds have faulted me, for instance, for diverging broadly from the original "Confessions" when, totally without historical support, I caused Nat to invent a difficult strategy whereby he would capture the county seat and proceed to refuge in the Dismal Swamp. There is no mention of such a plan in the "Confessions" yet it is hard to believe that Nat did not have some such scheme and that Gray did not worm this information out of Nat; the eventual plan finally divulged by Nat was doubtless considered an unfit subject for advertisement or propagation. If presumably my critics can accept this elaborate but totally imaginary feat of strategy—which demonstrates the power of organization that Nat must truly have possessed—they display much less honesty in not being able to accept relatively minor divergences on my part from the original "Confessions," complaining for instance that the fact that I caused Nat to be taught and reared by a benevolent white master rather than by his parents, as he told Gray, demonstrates the tendentious "racism" of my work—and to this point in a moment.

But let me quote again from Lukacs who, in a brilliant essay in which he erects a bridge between the social insights of Marx and European historical literature, says: "What matters in the novel is fidelity in the reproduction of the material foundations of the life of a given period, its manners and the feelings and thoughts deriving from these. This means that the novel is much more closely bound to the specifically historical, individual moments of a period, than is drama. But this never means being tied to particular historical facts. On the contrary, the novelist must be at liberty to treat these as he likes, if he is to reproduce the much more complex and ramifying totality with historical faithfulness. From the standpoint of the historical novel, too, it is always a matter of chance whether an actual historical fact, character or story will lend itself to the particular method by which a great novelist conveys his historical faithfulness."

Certainly it was just this and no subtle trickery that dictated my choice of the fictional means by which Nat was educated and reared. Those who have attacked the book on this point have of course seen in such a choice the specter of benevolent paternalism; once again the Negro and his hard-won abilities are willfully by-passed in favor of an image of white superiority, white supremacy. As one critic, Mike Thelwell, writes in a long essay in a forthcoming issue of *The Massachusetts Review*:

> This is the Golden Age of Southern Chivalry, and what is being reconstructed for us is the enlightened benevolence of the "Old Dominion" version of slavery, surely the least oppressive serfdom in mankind's history. This only applies, as Mr. Styron is careful to indicate, to slaves fortunate enough to be owned by the enlightened gentry; it is the poor white overseers, and small landowners who made the lot of slaves unendurable. Surely we have some right to expect serious novelists in 1967 to eschew this kind of fanciful nonsense? Especially if we know that it is precisely on these large Virginia plantations that the most degrading and debasing form of slavery was developed. Even as early as the 1830s . . . these enlightened aristocrats had begun converting their plantations to breeding farms. . . .

Aside from the fact that careful research by honest investigators has turned up practically no evidence at all of breeding farms ever existing (surely we should expect essayists in *The Massachusetts Review* to abandon this *Mandingo* nonsense?) it remains clear that almost nothing is known of Nat Turner's childhood and upbringing, and also that "enlightened benevolence" did in truth, alas, exist. Chance dictated my setting Nat in this environment—not to frustrate Mr. Thelwell's and Mr. Aptheker's metaphysical fantasy of our hero as an amalgamated black Paul Bunyan and Daniel Boone—a superslave battling against Simon Legree stereotypes of degradation and debasement—but to create an irony which, I suppose, is lost on minds incapable of making an ironic connection: in this case, that slavery in its most bestial form was terrible enough but that it was precisely this enlightened benevolence which in the end ameliorated nothing, instilled a false hope, brought Nat to disaster, and constituted a betrayal at least as cruel as the nightmare of captivity in the Deep South. It was for this reason—"to reproduce the much more complex and ramifying totality with historical faithfulness"—that I chose to have Nat reared in relatively pleasant circumstances by a kindly master, and I could not care less if this fails to correspond to anyone else's vision of the possibilities or the reality.

At a large gathering in New Haven some time ago, a young Negro wearing the appurtenances of a Black Muslim (and accompanied by a pretty white girl) got up and asked me why I had written such a racist book? Why had I perverted history? Why had I, among other things, set down the impossible scene of armed Negro slaves aiding their master in repelling the insurgents? Why, above all, did I perpetuate the mendacious cliché of the black man being *hopelessly hung up on white women?* He then paraphrased some lines from Mr. Aptheker's *Nation* review of *Nat Turner* to support his depositions. "Man, it's a pity," he said as he sat down beside the admiring blonde, "that LeRoi Jones didn't write your book," thereby underscoring a certain obvious pathos.

I made an evasive reply, I believe, since I was a beginner at countering punches at the book, then. I did not explain, as I might now, that neither he nor I nor Herbert Aptheker could in fact ever say that it was inconceivable, much less untrue (how does Mr. Aptheker

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know it's untrue?) that armed Negro slaves might, at their master's behest or even voluntarily, rise to defend the only homes they had ever known. I would say now that to me such an eventuality was logically and eminently *conceivable,* that my guess was as good as the young man's or better—that he was black and I was white but I knew more about the institution of American Negro slavery than he did—and that unless he could offer proof to the contrary I would stand by the choices which, as a novelist, I had made.

I might also say now that I had "perpetuated" the stereotype of the black man's hang-up on white females because I feel it was—quite probably—true; that maybe he himself had such a hang-up and that unless the absurd and puerile hypocrisy ceased, unless Negro males stopped holding hands with them, adoring them, hating them, molesting them, screwing them, marrying them, rejecting them, mocking them, painting them, being involved with them in whatever manner (obviously anyone who *wants* to believe I am a racist can take these words out of context to justify his viewpoint)—I would insist that my own historical insight was as true as anyone's, Nat's fateful impulse valid then as now, and that Nat Turner *was* hung up on Margaret Whitehead, bashing her brains out because of the same hatred and love and despair that make Americans today as then all hopelessly hung up—black and white—one with the other, wedded inseparably by the error and madness of history. I expect now that I would explain that I felt no need whatever to apologize for any liberty I took with the "facts" concerning a man who still, to me, whatever the fictional transmutations, was a figure of tragic magnitude and nobility.

" 'Truth of passions, verisimilitude of feelings in imagined circumstances,' writes Lukacs, quoting Pushkin, " 'that is what our mind demands of the dramatic writer.' " And Lukacs concludes: "The writer's historical fidelity consists in the faithful artistic reproduction of the great collision, the great crises and turning-points of history. To express this historical conception in an adequate artistic form the writer may treat individual facts with as much license as he likes, for mere fidelity to the facts of history without this connection is utterly valueless."

Book Without a Label

FURROWS. *By Charlie Cobb. Flute Publications, Tougaloo, Miss. (Distributed by SNCC). 59 pp. $3.*

GREN WHITMAN
Mr. Whitman is an organizer for the Inter-Faith Peace Mission in Baltimore, and was a SNCC volunteer and staff member from 1964 to 1966.

Furrows is only the label that's been put on this book of poems to satisfy U.S. copyright laws. A book without a label isn't really a book, according to the copyright people, so Charlie Cobb has tacked a label on his book, saying O.K., call it *Furrows,* one label's just as good as another. Or as bad.

But to the people for whom he wrote his poems, Cobb said: "There is no title to this book. It is not finished. It begins in struggle and ends in struggle, with interludes of peace woven through the fabric of words and photographs. When black America's struggle is finished, when black children will look in a mirror and see a symbol of resistance, a symbol of beauty, blessed by the color of their skin and the strength of their heritage, then this book will be finished."

In January, 1966, Cobb wrote a report for SNCC about the Poor People's Conference held in Mount Beulah, Miss., a meeting of black Mississippi plantation workers. He said that the meeting was "three days of talking to let out lifetimes of denial. To understand that what they needed was not going to be given them. To plan how to take."

The people had been waiting for a six-month demonstration food distribution program promised by the federal government. Two months before, in November, the state of Mississippi had received $1.6 million to cover the costs of distributing $24 million worth of surplus food. "To date," Cobb wrote, "none of the food [had] been distributed and the winter [was] half over." The people weren't interested in a sixmonthdemonstrationfooddistributionprogram. It was food they needed.

Most of his report was quotes.

Voice: "At night we lay down so worried so bad 'bout what we gonna feed our children the next morning, we can't rest at night. 'Cause I can't. Lay over an' work my pillow with tears 'bout my little children. Git up the next morning an' wonder where I'm gonna get my next meal from for my children."

Voice: "I believe in the Bible myself, but when you say 'Lord I'm hungry, give me some food,' you might as well say 'Lord I'm starving, let me die quickly.' "

Voice: "If we gonna take it, I wanna

carl oglesby's yankees and cowboys

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take it. You can call that radical, extreme, or whatever you want, an' I don't give a damn about that. I wanna know who is ready. Is you mad enough to stay 'till we get that 24 million?"

The people had been talking about moving onto the deserted Greenville (Miss.) Air Force Base, moving into the empty barracks so much better than their own shacks or tents, asking the U.S. Government to fly the surplus food they weren't getting to the base. They'd unload it, they said.

And move on they did, about forty of them. Stokelyed up a fire in one of the empty barracks. Put up a sign—THIS IS OUR HOME. PLEASE KNOCK BEFORE ENTERING.

Lieutenant Colonel Andrews of the Mississippi Air National Guard, about half an hour later, knocked. "You are trespassing on government property," the Colonel said. The people gave him a leaflet explaining why they were there—demanding food, jobs, job training, income, land. "My only concern is with this building," said Colonel Andrews.

Thirty hours later, Major General Puryear and 150 air policemen marched up to the barracks and knocked. Heads.

"All the people expelled from the base began an 8-mile walk back to town along the highway," Cobb wrote. One of the photographs in his book is one Cobb took as the people were being knocked off the air base. A hurt woman. Not physically hurt—how many different ways can a person hurt?—hurt by that blurred line of flat-hatted Air Force cops standing behind her, who would presently be riding back to Greenville after they'd "secured" the deserted barracks. Riding, the air cops would pass her and her companions walking that long, cold 8 miles back to town. Hungry. (At least when you're busted you get fed.)

O.K. The poems.

From "L.A.—The Order of Things":

It is you
who feels the pain
for a burning supermarket
and cannot
hear the cries
of a hungry child.

Cobb doesn't like capital letters because they remind him too much of supermarketowners, or anyone else you have to call "cap'nmisterbossmansir." And he doesn't like too many periods, either, because periods say this is ended, done, go on to something else, and Cobb's folks aren't finished yet.

Says a man
standing
in
his black
with his together black
and in the flickering
fire red
white bled
black dead
night:
You
gave me the bottle
and taught me
to
empty
its burning inside my body. I
gave it back.
Stuffed
with the rags you made me wear
Kerosened
with my sweat
Lit
with the match
of your oppression
Burning baby
burning
i feel the fire
burn
baby
burn
feeling froggy
got
got
to
leap.

Another poem:

Mekonsippi #1

Yeah
the mississippi
runs into the mekong
get the boat at harlem
sail red rivers
black seas
or walk
from cotton to rice
from cement to silt
Vietnam
and
Amsterdam
avenues of whitey's wars
Mekonsippi
the 17th isn't parallel
doesn't
divide

Cobb was in Vietnam last spring as an investigator for Bertrand Russell's war crimes tribunal, that judgment ignored just as hungry Americans are ignored. Having collected evidence here, Cobb was collecting more evidence in Vietnam.

To Vietnam

carpet cover many floors
where i come from
but none kiss the sky.
i have never known before
fields that filled the hungry
i have never stood free
to sun, to son.
wind has never sung song
of nation in my black face.

I haven't seen anything else Cobb wrote about Vietnam, but his book tells exactly what he saw. He's seen the same things here—crimes against peace, crimes against humanity. Sammy Young shot through his head in Alabama by an Esso gas station attendant because he wanted to use the men's room—"for we the fools/who want/a place to/piss in peace/Can only find the alley."

Cobb in Vietnam, thinking about "Jimmy Lee Jackson shot/by a cop/protecting Alabama/as he'd been taught/And as he'd always seen/the country protect itself."

"So cry not just (says Cobb in a poem dated April, 1965) for jackson or reeb/schwerner, goodman/or chaney/or lee/cry for all mothers/with shovels/digging at hovels/looking for their dead."

Poems of a Japanese Sojourn

THE HEART'S GARDEN/THE GARDEN'S HEART. *By Kenneth Rexroth. Pym-Randall Press. 47 pp. $4.*

RICHARD EBERHART

Mr. Eberhart, who teaches at Dartmouth, won the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1966. His most recent book is Thirty One Sonnets. *A new book of poems,* Shifts of Being, *will be published this year by Oxford University Press.*

Kenneth Rexroth's new book comprises ten short philosophical poems concerning his Japanese sojourn last spring. These poems are unnumbered, vary from 2 to 6 pages in length, are written in his characteristic, mainly three-beat line without rhyme, and the poems are separated by calligraphic symbols taking up a page each.

Rexroth's is the best kind of meditative poetry. Except for explicit Oriental references these poems could have been written in San Francisco. They are of a piece with his serene philosophic poems of the last quarter century. Many years ago he studied the Orient and made comments on India, China and Japan not unlike those in this book. Rexroth, one of the most civilized internationalists, is at home in Eastern as well as Western conceptions of life, death and fate. Some painterly qualities remain from a style earlier than his long achieved serene poem of philosophical equilibrium.

In the thirties he wrote wild poems, nervous and surreal. He wrote explosive poems as late as the death of Thomas, but in general Rexroth has settled down to the universal validity of stating simple and deep truths in a natural way.

In reading Rexroth we are not excited by Hopkins turns and tricks nor by Howlishness. The river of Li Po, Tu Fu or Wang Wei is the same river he sees.

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It has been flowing a long time. He contemplates the Buddha, Krishna. The hawk and the butterfly are ever the same, also "The contemplative mysteries/Of the garden to five/Remarkably beautiful/Young women." "The water of life runs/Quick through dry reeds." "Far /Away the Himalayas/Guard the world from all trouble."

Rexroth sees the eternal in the instant eternal symbols in existential realizations. It is the poetry of the calm of flowing waters. His is a deeply satisfying, profoundly philosophic poetry of world realization. No need to shout. No need to praise. His is the art to accept the vastness of life and give us his pure sense of it, serene, open.

ART / Max Kozloff

Compared to our knowledge of Austen and Arnold, Thackeray, Dickens, Scott, Shelley, or Ruskin, we know appreciatively little about their contemporaries in English painting. Or rather, we used to know little. Patient, slow-mounting research, exemplified in many recent studies, has now culminated in a grand portmanteau exhibition, "Romantic Art in Britain, 1760-1860," shortly to conclude its stay at the Philadelphia Museum. (Detroit's Institute of Arts was co-originator.) The giants of this period, Blake, Constable and Turner, are scanted in the show — reasonably — in order to reveal the broad generative span, and the fullest reaches of their tradition. It is a record of a civilization, a cornucopia of sentiment, backing into the modern age not so much by the surface of its Victorian propriety as by the inner tricklings of its emotion, and the reluctant modulations of its form.

Of a spectacle so detailed in its disorderliness, the greatest temptation is to find for it some apt formulas or token generalization. Thus, for instance, subject may be subsumed by mode. Fuselli's pity and terror, Wright of Derby's scientific or industrial genre, Stubbs's slick or terrified horses, the water-color views of Cotman, Girtin and Prout, the religio-historical-erotic scenes of Haydon and Etty, the anecdotal social panoramas of Frith, and finally, the moralistic Gothic revivalism of the Pre-Raphaelites: all these may be thought to declaim or to converse, to generalize or to specify. The attitudes they render may be heroic or domestic; the nature they portray may instruct or delight. It is a matter of scenario and syntax far more than of philosophy and sentience that engages the attention.

Unfortunately, these polarities do not sufficiently distinguish the Britishness of these painters. For such characteristics are to be found everywhere in the art sponsored by the 19th-century bourgeoisie, proud of its new-found economic power, and eager to see recorded visual homilies of its family life, historical pageants flattering to its upward sense of nationalism, or fantasies projecting a yearning for a simpler and more Arcadian, or more exotic and colorful existence then that of the increasingly routinized present. The duality of the art that mirrored these aspirations was a common phenomenon throughout Europe, and as problematical as it sounds. For, as Geraldine Pelles writes, "idealism seeks to harmonize contradictory qualities in one form, which realism pretends merely to record in their multiplicity."

The intermediate and overlapping stage between idealism and realism is what we call Romanticism. Into the dilemma of reconciling various set norms with limitlessly differential observation, the Romantics injected their note of commitment to feeling—feeling as the point of origin, and the communication of feeling as the operative function of the work of art. Often, however, it seems that the discovery of the self, with its cult of genius, and its heightened, confessional exploration of the passions of the artist, is largely a psychic coloring passing through the representational patterns of the early century. Only when the pattern no longer seems adequate to the burden of his feelings and his values does he attempt to convert means into ends and surmount a pictorial convention with a new stylistic equivalent of his impulse. The accelerated capacity for such change, marked by the increased self-consciousness of the artist, is the distinguishing feature of Romanticism.

It is precisely this that seems absent from the British Romantic painters, even as their work is replete with the iconographical paraphernalia of Romanticism. They may be completely caught up with the historicity of their subjects, but they do not see themselves as playing a potential historical role. There is no overarching artistic principle that they must fight for, no real competing ideologies of the past or for the future. Many among them are embittered, hermetic, or frustrated, but they do not visualize their plight as a modern malaise. Their sense of the present is engaged with the narrative or illustrational techniques that give experience a comforting vicariousness; they are rarely so absorbed in their experience as to be obliged to remake it. The latter might have induced some sense of privateness, let alone immediacy into this art. Yet, with the exception of the extraordinary Samuel Palmer, this painting, whether it chanced to find a market or not, is a public, even a popular one. Landseer, the most celebrated and meretricious painter of his era, does not alter in kind, only in degree, the rhetorical strategies of his fellow artists.

All the intensity, curiosity and religiosity which greet us in this art do not result in a seriousness which can question itself. Rather, it is tooled—as the most advanced division of labor and rationalized technology of its day was tooled—to find material extensions of the visible world. It can manipulate or moralize, but it cannot reorder that world because it has no radical political or aesthetic premise upon which to act. That is why, if the most indigenous feature of the British Romantic painters is the level on which they are dedicated to service the informational and sentimental needs of a vast audience, there are no Goyas or Daumiers among them. England was too comparatively liberal a context to nourish upheaval. Even the Pre-Raphaelites, so populist in subject, but elitist in attitude, and so reactionary in their view of the industrial revolution, are merely endorsing

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wide-spread anxieties about the dehumanization of the early machine age. If you criticized society, you still had no need to stand outside it. For Victorian imperial England had not gone through the convulsions of contemporary France, and could not give rise in its art to anger, irony, despair, or even any fundamental alienation. Only two works in the present show reflect any direct consciousness of bleak social conditions. The first, George Frederick Watts's "The Irish Famine," is a feeble, dim-colored family group reminiscent of the theme of the "Rest On the Flight To Egypt." The other, Henry Wallis' quite haunting painting of a dead stone breaker, takes its cue from the social perorations of Carlyle.

But neither dissidence nor humanitarian conscience were required to give creative tension to Romantic painting. It was rather, the externalized personal encounter of the individual with the demands of his own imagination, that imbued it with life. No matter with what zeal the artists in this exhibition pursue the possibilities of naturalistic representation, few give or would have wished to give evidence of that personal encounter. Nor is it any more apparent in the visionary extravaganzas of Francis Danby or John Martin. This does not at all mean that the frozen gestures of pathos or ardor are stereotypes imposed by a philistine patronage. On the contrary, it implies a natural participation of the artist in a well-knit community of hopes, aspirations and myths, all the more remarkable since neither the Grand Style nor any fixed dynastic structure could offer a consistent program for artistic endeavor. There is no more license in this work, no more unbridled and genuine exhibition of self, than is calculable in the energetic and repressed culture that called it into being. British differs from French Romantic art by its greater façade of diffidence, its unawakened age, and by the apparent continuity of its perceptions between artist and audience through which portrayal itself easily yields communication.

It would also appear to differ from the French, pictorially. Nowhere is this more evident than in the lack of "body" in this painting. Despite a virtuoso handling of the medium, one observes throughout a thinness of density, whether in the buoyancy of certain images or the glassiness of certain surfaces. And while this obviously does not preclude many airy effects or a spontaneous lightness of touch, it is foreign to a sensuous response to the substance of paint itself. On the contrary, in view of the sophisticated illusionism desired and achieved, a marked impasto would have been an intrusive factor—would have clogged the transparency of the observation. Diaphanous or crystalline matrices of space dominate the exhibition. Bonnington, with his wind-swept bravura skies is perhaps the major exception—the Bonnington who had been trained and worked most of his short life in France. As for Constable, his handling does take on weight rather in the fascinating bouffant manner of cotton candy gaining bulk. Turner strives to impart tangibility to translucence itself. The impact of the water-color tradition had been to identify this aerial sensibility with light, and the transmission to landscape of an almost obsessive luminosity could early express a longing for the Infinite on one hand, and a microscopic freshness of texture by about mid-19th-century, on the other. With the Pre-Raphaelites, it is curious to see images as minute as blades of grass raise ridges on the otherwise uninflected surface. This preciousness could even go so far as Palmer's magnificent fetishism, when he describes one of his surfaces as "all sprinkled and showered with a thouand pretty eyes, and buds ... and blossoms, gemm'd with dew" (quoted by Nicholas Pevsner).

The terminal stretches of the show register an icily controlled and color-heightened pictorial topography whose expressive force is quite at variance with the banality of its subject matter. The torrent of such craftsmanship in Ford Madox Brown's "The Pretty Baa-Lambs" has stupefying brilliance. And John Brett's velvet and marbelized "The Val d'Aosta" is a landscape so weirdly sun-dappled that it could have been conceived by Alfred Hitchcock. No less uncanny is the clinical luridness of John Everett Millais' "The Rescue," firemen and children bathed in the cerise reflections of an unseen flame. But it is in the exasperated finish and fanatical spirituality of Palmer's mask in the "Portrait of the Artist as Christ" that a virtual Romanticism turns into an actual one. The hyper-acuity of vision in Victorian art here engulfs the mundane care in work, the story-book approach to experience, and stares you down with a wide-eyed gaze of revelation.

For a labor of scholarship that must have equalled some of the doggedness of their subjects, the catalogue by Allen Staley and Frederick Cummings deserves commendation from all historians. Their punctiliousness has not resulted in lifting British Romantic art into any unexpectedly higher stature. But its knolls and crevices, moors and crags are better displayed than at any time previously. It is a bucolic, rolling terrain, for the most part, whose respectable if cloying horizontality is occasionally rent by an exalted height.

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